The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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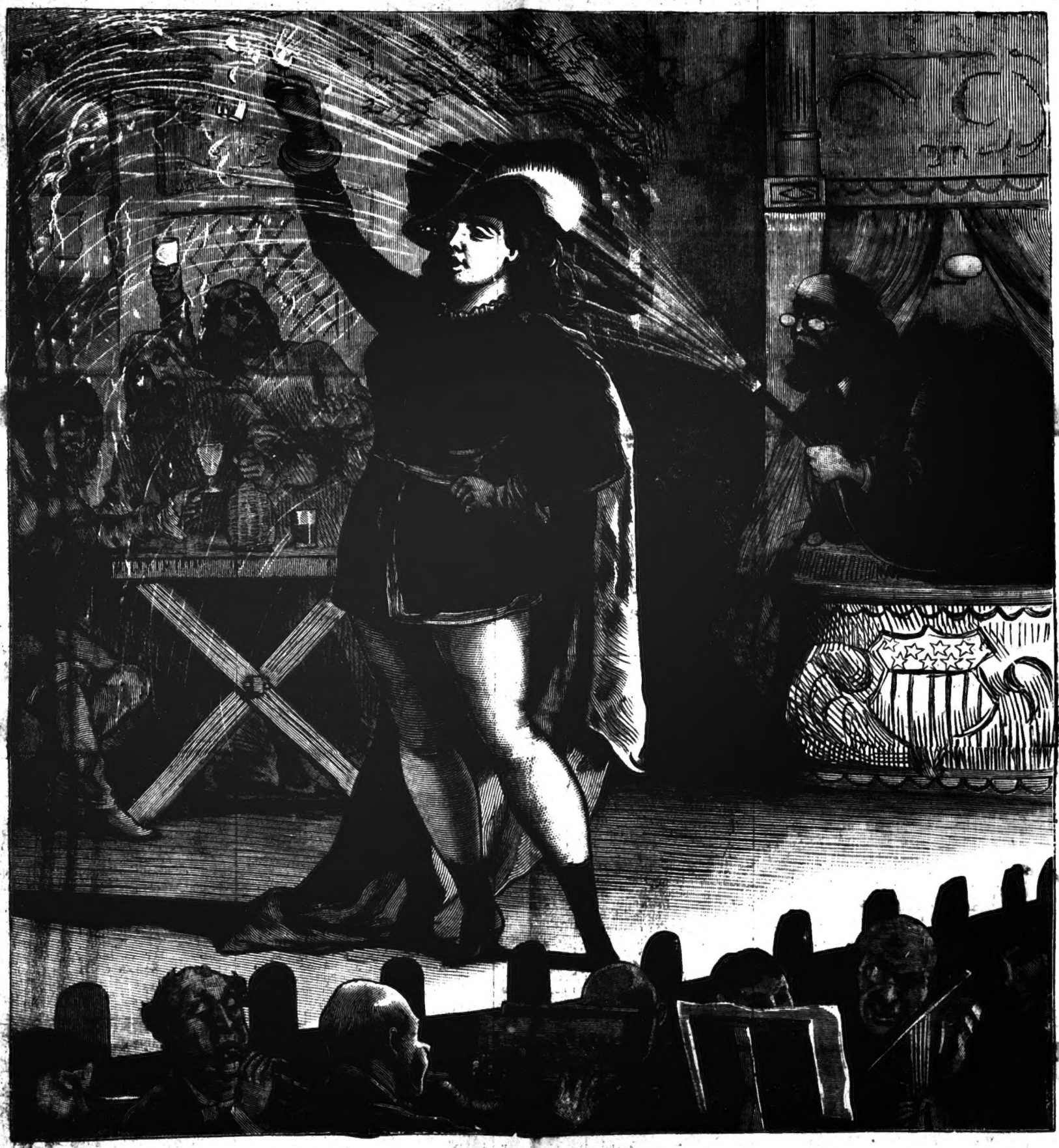

TURNED THE HOSE ON HER.

The Strange Freak of a Fanatic who Objected to Abbreviated Attire on the Stage.

The Mirror of Life
ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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13 WEEKS 13

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OUR MOTTO,

"BE JUST AND FEARLESS."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. G. (South Wales).—1. Fitzsimmons was beaten by Jim Hall, but Fitz always claimed it was a prearranged affair for Hall to win. 2. The last winning horse Fred Archer rode was Blanchland, and the very last mount he had was Tommy Tittlemouse.

SUBSCRIBER (Frizington). — There is no recognised championship belt. John L. Sullivan was given a subscription belt by Boston friends seven years ago, and it was not to be fought for. Though he was called Champion of the World he never had a legitimate claim to the title. He was Champion of America, and lost the title to J. J. Corbett.

T. W. (Tenturyn). — Send portrait and record of Samuels for publication in THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

W. T. S. (Carlisle).—We shall reply by post in a few days.

D. T. (Queenstown).—You are wrong, and therefore lose your wager.

W. L. M. (Pen-y-craig).—1. J. Grose, Old Jewry, London, E.C., can supply you. 2. Write to Prof. D. L. Dowd, care of New York *Illustrated News*, 240, Broadway, New York, U.S.A.

T. W. (Stockport).—James J. Corbett was born in San Francisco, Cal., September 1, 1866. Bob Fitzsimmons was born at Cornwall, England, June 4, 1862.

JIMMY (Merthyr).—Billy Plimmer was awarded the verdict over George Dixon on points in a four-round set-to at Madison Square Gardens, New York. Steve O'Donnell was referee, and his decision was not well received.

BY so easily disposing of Dick Burge at the Eden, Monday night, Ted Pritchard has convinced his supporters that he is still worthy of maintaining the honours as the middle-weight champion of England. It is the desire of all lovers of boxing to witness a battle between Ted and Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, the coloured middle-weight champion of the world. Such a meeting would create world-wide interest, and, since Bob Fitzsimmons has joined the heavy-weight division, it would practically determine the championship of the world in the middle-weight class.

* * *

TED PRITCHARD is unquestionably one of the best middle-weights that ever entered the ring, and though he was far from being in first class condition, he thoroughly convinced all who saw him that he still maintains his old-time cleverness.

* * *

DICK MOORE had his number taken down by Jerry Driscoll, the naval champion, on Monday night. While we have no wish to disparage the ability of Driscoll, we can safely say that Moore was in a weakened condition because of his severe course of training. Driscoll is yet in the novice class, and with a little more experience he should forge his way to the front ranks in the middle-weight class.

* * *

R. G. HARDIE, of Notting Hill, has captured THE MIRROR OF LIFE trophy, representing the world's championship at rapid shaving. He assumed a lead on the first night, and gradually increased his advantage, proving himself to be one of the most proficient artists that ever handled a razor.

* * *

"MORNY" CANNON finished the flat-racing season well in front on scoring 167 winning mounts. He heads Tom Loates by four.

LILY IRIS.

A Clever Soubrette who Gives Promise of Becoming Famous as a Performer.

(With Portrait.)

MISS LILY IRIS is one of the cleverest dancers now appearing before the London public, and is the par excellence of grace when performing. Born in the parish of Hoxton, London, fifteen years ago, she took to dancing when but a mere child. She appeared for the first time on the stage at the Haymarket Theatre three years ago, taking the part of the flower girl in Hamlet. In December, 1891, she appeared at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, as principal dancer in "Red Riding Hood." Since then she has performed at various halls as a serpentine dancer. It has only been within the past year that Lily discovered she possessed talent as a vocalist, and she now does not only a clever and graceful dance, but renders her songs in a pleasing and catchy manner.

She has a brilliant future before her, and when better known is sure to prove a trump card on the music-hall stage. Jack Edgar is acting as her agent in securing engagements about London.

SERGT. JAMES O'DONOGHUE.

One of the "Gallant Six Hundred" who Sounded the Charge at the Battle of Balaclava.

(With Portrait.)

As no little stir has recently been made on behalf of our Crimean veterans, we submit a portrait of Sergt. James O'Donoghue (late 8th Hussars), who was field-trumpeter to Lord Cardigan, and therefore sounded the memorable charge at Balaclava. He wears on his breast the following decorations:—The Crimean medal with four clasps for "Alma," "Balaclava," "Inkerman," and "Sebastopol"; the French "Legion of Honour," from Napoleon III.; Turkish medal; Indian Mutiny medal, with clasp for "Central India"; and Long Service and Good Conduct medal. Mr. Bernard Soane-Roby took a keen interest in the grand old veteran, and appointed him drill-instructor to the Midget Minstrels. Mr. Roby has likewise befriended several other members of the "Gallant Six Hundred," and assisted to make their declining days as comfortable as possible.

THE WIFE: "Why don't you play football, John?"

The Husband: "Why, my dear, I might get maimed for life."

The Wife: "Yes, darling, but you might get killed."

COLLECTOR: "Say, look here; I'm tired of calling about this bill."

Debtor: "Well, I'm mighty glad to hear it."

GUS: "Why does Cholly walk so lop-sided?"

ALF: "He has been in the habit of wearing his hair split in the middle for the past seven years, and has just adopted the fashion of wearing it parted on the side, and I guess it has knocked him off his balance."

SERGEANT-MAJOR FOWLES,

1st Batn. Grenadier Guards, a Gentleman who is a Thorough Sportsman.

(With Portrait.)

THE warrior who forms the subject of this notice, and whose portrait adorns these pages, is one of the best-looking men in the Service. Joining the colours in June, 1879, his promotion was rapid, and in 1885, in the Soudan campaign, we find him drill sergeant of the 3rd Batn. Grenadier Guards, where he greatly distinguished himself; our gallant sergeant also served at Cyprus.

We do not purpose to chronicle Sergeant-Major Fowles's exploits as a soldier, for they would fill our pages; it is only as a promoter of sport that we have to deal with him in these columns. Well known in all matters of sport in the Brigade of Guards, the sergeant has taken boxing to the front with no feeble hand, and the Brigade of Guards Boxing Club, formed in the season of 1891, has taken some of the best prizes given by the National Sporting Club. Long may the worthy sergeant-major continue to identify himself with that old British sport, "the noble art of self-defence."

HARRY WEBSTER.

A Somers Town Lad who Challenges All England at 9st 8lb to a Twenty-Round Fight.

(With Portrait.)

THE subject of this notice is another of the "Cornstalks" now before the public boxing at about 9st 8lb. Harry started boxing about two years ago, and Mr. Lake, the sporting butcher, of Clare Market, believing that in Harry he had "one of the best," entered him in various competitions with an amount of success, the most recent being in one of Frank Hinde's last great competitions at the Central Hall, where he fell before the superior prowess of the very much elongated (for his weight) Walter Eyles. Mr. Lake, Harry's gaffer, was so dissatisfied at his lad's defeat that he has offered to match Harry against any lad in England at 9st 8lb, give or take two pounds.

M. MAX LEBAUDY A SOLDIER.

IT is interesting to note the names of some of the military conscripts of the present year, in France, who in a few days' time will be roughing it in barracks and practising the goose-step on a gravelled square. M. Mirman, the deputy, and M. Max Lebaudy head the Paris list of one and three years men respectively. Amongst their colleagues who have to leave the Boulevards for the barracks are M. Martel de Janville, son of the famous authoress "Gyp"; M. Hyacinthe Loyson, son of the well-known ecclesiastic; M. Pierre Sardou; M. Hading, brother of the actress; and M. Jean Ney, Duc d'Elchingen and descendant of the Marshal. M. Forain, by the way, has drawn an appropriate cartoon for the conscription. He represents Deputy Mirman in uniform standing with a gang of recruits before a stout old *grognard*, who says, "Ah! you are the Deputy. All right, my boy, you will learn to keep your tongue in your cheek here." Most of the Paris conscripts started for their regiments November 15. A few of them who were wanted by the police were arrested by detectives and taken to the depôt, their period of military service being thus retarded in the interest of the law. One of the recruits, who was evidently no patriot, on arriving near the Passy Town Hall, *en route* for a railway station, dashed away from his companions and was soon lost to view. The soldiers and policemen who gave chase were unable to capture the agile deserter, and he had to abandon the fruitless pursuit.

MR. LEONI CLARKE.

Who Possesses Fame as a Trainer of Cats, Rats, and Mice.

(With Portrait.)

ONE of the most popular entertainments at the variety halls is that given by Leoni Clarke's performing cats, rats, and mice. This combination is one of the most wonderful on the road. Cats are taught to walk over a rope of rats, mice, and canaries, gingerly stepping over their fluttering bodies. This forbearance is brought about by training up the cats from kittens in the same cage as the rats and mice. Another cat descends from the roof on a parachute, others box and play "Home, Sweet Home," on bells. Other wonderful tricks are performed by this wonderful troupe, which has appeared in all the chief halls of the kingdom.

NODD: "I saw you in the theatre pit the other night. Didn't know you ever went there."

Todd: "I had my wife with me."

"YES," she said, "I'll give you your breakfast if you'll chop down that tree for me."

"Madam," Meandering Mike replied, meekly, "I don't want ter git out o' my class. I'm no Gladstone; neither am I a George Washington."

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

JUDGE: "Twelve true men will now sit on your case."

O'Reagan: "Thanks to yer honour; if there'd been wan more I'd had an unlucky number!"

* * *

CUREOW: "I'd hate to fall from the fourth story of a building."

Freake: "Of course you would."

Cureow: "Well, it isn't the fall; it's riding to the hospital in the city ambulance afterward."

* * *

She's a charmer, a witch—
Not so fair, but so rich;
Her millions enrapture my heart;
I'll win her, I'll take her,
My wife I will make her
Till death or divorce us do part!

* * *

"WHAT we want to do," exclaimed the long-haired orator, "is to widen the sphere of woman's work!"

"Then give us bigger kitchens," spoke up a sharp-featured woman in the audience.

* * *

"ANY letters for me this morning, Bridget?"

Bridget: "There was four, ma'am, but such writin' I couldn't make head nor tail of them, an' tore them up to save you the trouble."

* * *

HE seized her slim, white fingers in an ecstacy of adoration.

"Ah!" he murmured, "I could die for you!"

A perceptible pallor overspread her countenance.

"Goodness!" she said, "I hope you won't think of such a thing till we are married, and I have the right to inherit."

* * *

"I SAY, Jen," called little Tommy.

"What?" returned his sister.

"Why, I was just thinkin'—you've always had to wear ma's old dresses made over, an' I've always been stuck with pa's old clo'es—which of us d'you s'pose 'll have things made out o' ma's bicycle bloomers when they get old?"

* * *

HAZEL: "Did you know that Sadie Sandstone supports her mother?"

Nuttle: "Why, I thought her mother was an actress."

Hazel: "Then I guess I'm wrong. She must support her father."

* * *

GIRL (jokingly): "I'd like a place where I'll have everything I want, nothing to do, and no one to boss me."

Clerk: "This, Miss, is an employment office, not a matrimonial agency."

* * *

OLD MAN: "What! Marry that child?"

Suitor: "Your daughter is no longer a child, sir; she's a woman."

Old Man: "Nonsense! Why, she isn't a bit bossy yet."

* * *

YOUNG MAN: "Look out! There's a mouse."

The Advanced Young Woman (calmly): "Oh, how cunning! Can't you coax the little dear out this way?"

* * *

CLARA: "Dear me! those toilet things I ordered haven't come."

Maude: "Then I don't suppose you'll have the face to go to the ball to-night."

* * *

STAYLAIT: "I'm a man with a good deal of go."

SHE (wearily): "I shouldn't have believed it if you had not told me."

* * *

THE other day a gentleman entered a restaurant and ordered a chicken. The chicken was evidently tough, for when the waiter came in he beheld the gentleman with his coat off and in a great state of perspiration.

"Waiter," he said, "this chicken is very tough."

"Very sorry, sir, but, you see, that chicken always was a peculiar bird. Why, when we came to kill it we couldn't catch it, so at last we had to shoot it. It flew on the house-top and——"

"Then you must have shot the weather-cock by mistake."

READ "THE MIRROR OF LIFE."

THOSE who desire to keep posted on matters appertaining to sporting should not fail to read THE MIRROR OF LIFE weekly. It shall contain from week to week portraits of people prominent in all branches of sporting, a thorough review of boxing, pedestrianism, aquatics, and gossip of men of olden times.

All articles will be just, and bestow credit where credit is due.

The portraits and sketches of stage celebrities of this country and the United States, with occasional gossip of the new features presented at different music-halls throughout the kingdom, will not be the least attractive in the journal.

KINGS OF THE TURF.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

(Concluded.)

He had them both, and though the blackleg might quail before the awful scrutiny of his piercing eye, there never was a man so scrupulously polite to his inferiors as Lord George Bentinck. The turf, too, was not merely the scene of the triumphs of his stud and his betting-book. He had purified its practice and had elevated its character, and he was prouder of this achievement than of any other connected with his sporting life. Notwithstanding his mighty stakes and the keenness with which he backed his opinion, no one perhaps ever cared less for money. His habits were severely simple, and he was the most generous of men. He valued the acquisition of money on the turf, because there it was a success. He counted his thousands after a great race as a victorious general counts his cannon and his prisoners."

Among the stud thus abruptly and strangely disposed of was Surplice, the winner of the Derby and St. Leger of 1848! It was a cruel instance of the irony of fate that, after waiting and striving so long to crown his achievements on the turf with the highest honour which the "sport of kings" has to bestow, he should thus, at the last moment, in a fit of petulance, apparently, have thrown away, so to speak, the horse that would have enrolled his name on that immortal scroll of victors. How keenly he felt the blow when the triumph of Surplice came may be gathered from the following striking passage in Lord Beaconsfield's biography:—

"A few days before—it was the day after the Derby, May 25, 1848—the writer met Lord George Bentinck in the library of the House of Commons. He was standing before the bookshelves, with a volume in his hand, and his countenance was greatly disturbed. His resolutions in favour of the colonial interest, after all his labours, had been negatived by the Committee on the 22nd and on the 24th; his horse, Surplice, whom he had parted with among the rest of his stud solely that he might pursue, without distraction, his labours on behalf of the great interests of the country, had won that paramount and Olympic stake, to gain which had been the object of his life. He had nothing to console him and nothing to sustain him, except his pride. Even that deserted him before a heart which he knew at least could yield him sympathy. He gave a superb groan.

"'All my life I have been trying for this, and for what have I sacrificed it!' he murmured.

"It was in vain to offer solace.

"'You do not know what the Derby is,' he moaned out.

"'Yes, I do; it is the Blue Riband of the Turf.'

"'It is the Blue Riband of the turf,' he slowly repeated to himself, and sitting down at the table buried himself in a folio of statistics.

"But on Monday, the 29th, when the resolution in favour of a 10s. differential duty for the colonies had, at the last moment, been carried, and carried by his casting vote, 'the Blue Ribands of the Turf' were all forgotten. Not for all the honours and successes of all the meetings, spring or autumn, Newmarket, Epsom, Goodwood, Doncaster, would he have exchanged that hour of rapture. His eyes sparkled with fire, his nostrils dilated with triumph, his brow was elate like a conqueror, his sanguine spirit saw a future of continued and illimitable success.

"'We have saved the colonies,' he said, 'saved the colonies. I knew it must be so. It is the knell of free trade.'"

Four months later, on September 21, 1848, seven days after Surplice had won the St. Leger, Lord George Bentinck was found dead in a meadow on his father's estate of Welbeck. He had risen that morning apparently in his usual health and spirits, and after writing letters for several hours, about four o'clock in the afternoon set out to walk to Thoresby, the seat of Lord Manvers, about six miles from Welbeck, where he had been invited to spend a couple of days. Lord George's valet had driven over to Thoresby in order to meet his master on his arrival. But the master never came. Hours passed on, and still there was no sign of his lordship. At length the anxious servant returned to Welbeck, and called up the groom who had driven him over to Thoresby, and enquired whether he had seen anything of Lord George on the way back, as his lordship had never reached Thoresby. The groom got up, and, accompanied by the valet and two others, took lanterns and followed the footpath which they had seen Lord George pursuing as they themselves drove to Thoresby. About a mile from the Abbey, on the path which they had observed him following, lying close to the gate which separates a water-meadow from the deer-park, they found the body of Lord George Bentinck. He was lying on his face; his arms were under his body, and in one hand he grasped his walking-stick; his hat was a yard or two before him, having evidently been thrown off in falling; the body was cold and stiff—he had been long dead. The verdict of the coroner's jury at the inquest was, "Died by the visitation of God to wit, a spasm of the heart." The news of his sudden and premature death caused a most painful sensation through the country, and may indeed be said to have cast a gloom over men of all ranks and opinions—for Lord George was but forty-seven years of age, and from his striking talents and the influence of his remarkable personal character, it was thought that he had a singularly brilliant political career before him. But it was not to be, and we can only say of him that Fate ruthlessly cut him off in his prime, before promise had time to ripen into performance.

One who knew him well has left the following graphic portrait of Lord George's personal appearance when he was at the height of his fame as a sportsman: "A tall, high-bred men, with an air peculiarly his own, so distinguished yet so essentially of the country did he seem, even amongst the galaxy of patrician sportsmen with whom he was congregated. He had all the eye and complexion of the pure Saxon, and the indescribable boon of the *air noble* to perfection. His dress at this time greatly added to the charms of his appearance. Dressed in buckskin breeches—none of your Norway does or West Riding imitations, but in the hides of his own stags—with exquisitely made boots of the true orthodox length and antique colouring in top; a buff waistcoat and reddish brown double-breasted coat, ornamented with the buttons of the Jockey Club; a quiet beaver, placed neither at a right angle nor yet a left, but in the *juste milieu* of gentlemanly taste, on a well-formed head of auburn hair, with large whiskers of the same colour; a starting-flag in his hand, and followed by eight-and-twenty racehorses, stepping like a troop of old Franconi's bearing a tulip-bed aloft—so brilliantly shone the silken jackets of the riders in the sun—the observed of a hundred thousand eyes, Lord George Bentinck, as steward of the races, undertook to start the immense field for the 'Great Yorkshire Handicap' on a plan of his own special invention. . . . His lordship's plan for starting horses in a race was as simple as effectual, and was carried out in this wise. In the first place, it needed a starter whom the jocks, instead of daring to disobey, had, as in their feelings towards Lord George, an enthusiastic desire to please; hence he undertook to illustrate his own mode of securing the horses and the public from the ever-occurring disappointment of a false start, and, flag in hand, marched in the van of the quivering phalanx, quite unattended, to the starting-place on the noble course of Doncaster, in full view of the tens of thousands, regarding him with admiration from the Grand Stand and the rising part of the ground. Hitherto the functionary who had performed the office of starter, after doing his best, or rather his worst, to put the horses in line, simply ordered the jockeys to 'go!' as frequently having to recall them by a distant signal, after they had galloped over three-parts of the distance, by reason of some obstinate brute—man or horse—refusing to obey the order and remaining *fresh* for the next essay. Lord George rectified this very inefficient plan by an *equestrian trigger* of his own invention, viz., the posting a man with a flag directly in view of all the jocks—on whom they were to fix their individual attention and to *'go!'* without fail, on pain of a pecuniary fine, on seeing the colour dropped in front. The main duty rested with the noble chief in getting the horses in line, a manœuvre he accomplished by great patience and occasionally walking them backwards and forwards, till assured on his own part that they were so, when he, standing on their flank—unseen by horse or rider—suddenly lowered his flag, in signal to the man ahead to do the same; when, if the jockeys were disposed to act at all fairly, or a horse was not especially restive, a false start was next to impossible. On this occasion the immense field bounded off at the first signal, notwithstanding it was Lord George's first essay, like a charge of veteran Mamelukes. The countless throng cheered the gallant starter with deafening shouts of delight and admiration; and cheered again, as, taking off his hat and bowing in acknowledgment, the handsome fellow mounted his hack and cantered down the course."

HE COULDN'T STAND DEFEAT.

A Rival at a Shooting Gallery, on Being Defeated, Attempts to Take His Life.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A REMARKABLE incident occurred in a shooting gallery in Sydney, New South Wales, a short time ago. Two men engaged in a match to shoot with revolvers at a target for a sovereign a-side. They were accompanied by several ladies, and after the sixth round of shots the elder one found himself hopelessly defeated. The ladies chipped him considerably on his poor display, and before they had an opportunity to detect by his countenance what was brewing he turned the weapon on to his left ear, discharging two shots. Fortunately his aim erred, and the bullets went grazing by his ear. He made a third attempt, but was quickly disarmed by his opponent. The party repaired to a neighbouring restaurant, where the affair was silenced and the old 'un prevailed upon to accept the situation with good grace.

MR. JAMES E. DEWHURST.

A Gentleman who Has Made the Belsize the Foremost Amateur Boxing Club in England.

(With Portrait.)

SINCE Mr. James E. Dewhurst became honorary secretary of the Belsize Boxing Club that association has become a flourishing institution, and now ranks as the foremost amateur boxing club in Great Britain. Its annual exhibitions are looked forward to with a vast amount of interest by all patrons of the manly art, and the tourney to be held at Eyre Arms on or about December 11 is expected to surpass all its predecessors. Mr. Dewhurst came from Yorkshire some ten years ago, where he had always taken a great interest in various sports, and generally in the way of holding some office; he found his knowledge of clubs very useful in London.

That well-known cycling club the "Manningham," whose quarters are at Bradford, had the services of Mr. Dewhurst as hon. sec. for five years, and in connection with cross-country running he was one of the founders of the Bradford Harriers, who won the Yorkshire Challenge Cup the first year it was instituted. Yorkshire's loss proved to be London's gain, because on coming to the metropolis he joined the Belsize Boxing Club. The members discerned his ability and love for sport, and elected him as hon. sec. and treasurer, an office he has held for six years; much of the success of the club must be credited to his able and efficient directorship.

Mr. Dewhurst is not only one of the most popular members of the club, but is well known in the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood, where he resides and where the club has headquarters. He is generally to be seen at all the competitions held by other clubs, and we believe that he has never missed a night at the National Sporting Club since that prominent institution started. He is universally respected, and any of the boxers are only too willing to respond to Mr. Dewhurst's call when that gentleman is organising a meeting of the Belsize Club.

HOW GIRLS ARE LED ASTRAY.

The Fair Sex Possessed of Good Looks Led to Ruin whilst the Unprepossessing Ones are Used as Slaves.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE fair sex are subject to all manner of temptations, and those unfortunate enough to be born poor are either led to ruin or else find themselves forced to slave for a mere existence to keep body and soul together. Take a girl sixteen years of age, and of attractive appearance; she is compelled to run the gauntlet and withstand the familiar overtures of an unprincipled element of mankind. If she is at all weak-minded or susceptible to flattery she readily falls from grace, and then for a year or two she may be fortunate to lead an idle existence, and her career on the downward path simmers into a rapid one. Five years finds her revelling about the streets or posing as a queen in her set, and then comes the turning point, which means a direct road to a pauper's grave. Possibly the same girl might have been the happy wife of an honest man, were she not beguiled by heartless wretches who fall upon innocent girls like vultures. Those who are not fortunate enough to boast of good looks lead a life of drudgery. And who are they enriching? Merely some prosperous Israelite, who secures a big profit by squeezing the poor girls into working for starvation wages. The poor are kept poor only to increase the wealth of the rich.

NED FLYNN.

An Ex-Pedestrian who Manages the Kilburn Gymnasium with Success.

(With Portrait.)

NED FLYFN opens up the Kilburn Gymnasium, Kilburn, November 29, and continues through a three nights show. He proposes promoting some first-class contests there during the season. Born in the parish of Marylebone in 1858, when but seventeen years of age he devoted his energies to walking and skating as a professional, securing during his career 100 prizes or more. He won the local walking championship, defeating J. Millbank for a silver trophy and £10. He vanquished a field of thirteen in a walk of sixteen hours over the turnpike road, covering 68 miles. In skating contests he has scored many victories. Mr. Flynn is no novice at billiards, because he has contended in several matches in his district with success. He brought into prominence W. Franks and W. Griffin, the two walkers who, at short distances, were capable of equalling record time. As secretary and manager of the Kilburn Gymnasium and Athletic Institute he has made boxing sport popular in the North-West district of London.

BOB FITZSIMMONS.

The Champion Matched to Fight James J. Corbett, who Killed Con Riordan in a Boxing Bout.

(With Portrait.)

BOB FITZSIMMONS will now be referred to as the boxer who killed his man in a hotly contested set-to. He is out on bail, and will no doubt be acquitted when brought up for trial. Bob's stock has advanced a few points since the unfortunate circumstance, and when the fight with Corbett occurs he will be a favourite in the betting. Dr. J. W. Gibbs, his physician, subjected him to a critical examination in New York City the other day in order to compare his physical development with that of the other pugilist's.

While Fitzsimmons is hardly a perfectly formed man, no one who glanced at his tremendous shoulders, massive chest, and abnormally long arms could help thinking he was a perfectly formed fighting machine, and that Corbett will have good cause to remember him if he ever meets him in the ring.

Below the waist Fitzsimmons looks more like a candidate for a Sheffield handicap than a fighter, but after one look at his arms and chest one ceases to wonder why Dempsey, Maher, and Hall fell before him. The examination, which only took about half an hour, showed the following results:—

Age	32 years
Weight	165½ pounds
Height	5 feet 11¼ inches
Neck	14½ inches
Chest	42½ inches
Expansion	47½ inches
Right bicep, normal, 11½ inches; expanded	12½ inches
Left bicep, normal, 11 inches; expanded	12½ inches
Right forearm, normal, 10½ inches; expanded	12 inches
Left forearm, normal, 11 inches; expanded	12½ inches
Abdomen	32½ inches
Waist	29½ inches
Right thigh	20 inches
Left thigh	20 inches
Right calf	13 inches
Left calf	13 inches
Length of right arm, 20½ inches; under arm	29½ inches
Length of left arm, 30½ inches; under arm	29½ inches
Shoulder	20 inches
Around shoulders and chest	48½ inches
Around chest and arms	52½ inches
Right wrist	7 inches
Left wrist	6½ inches
Both arms extended	74 inches
Hips	37½ inches
Right fist	10 inches
Left fist	10 inches

A comparison with Corbett's measurements taken by Dr. Gibbs on June 6, 1892, some six months before his fight with Sullivan, shows that Corbett is 6ft 1½in tall; his chest measured 44in, or 1½in more than Fitzsimmons's. Corbett's weight was 194lb, against Fitzsimmons's 165½lb. His biceps measured 16½in, to Bob's 12½; his neck 16½, against the Australian's 13½; forearm 12½, to Fitzsimmons's 12. Corbett's waist was 34½in, against Bob's 29½; his calf 16, against Fitzsimmons's 13; and his abdomen 35½, to Fitz's 32½in.

From the above it will be seen that Corbett apparently has the advantage in height, weight, and about everything else but reach. However, this does not prove anything very conclusive, as the majority of Sullivan's measurements exceeded Corbett's just as the latter's exceed Fitz's, yet Sullivon did not win.. At the conclusion of the measuring Dr. Gibbs made a physical examination of Fitzsimmons. At its conclusior he said the Australian's condition was absolutely perfect, which was more than he could say about any other pugilist he had ever examined. Bob seemed delighted at this, and said: "That's right; there is nothing the matter with me, as Corbett will find out," and, hastily donning his clothes, he left for his home in Newark, New Jersey.

OVERCOME BY DISAPPOINTMENT.

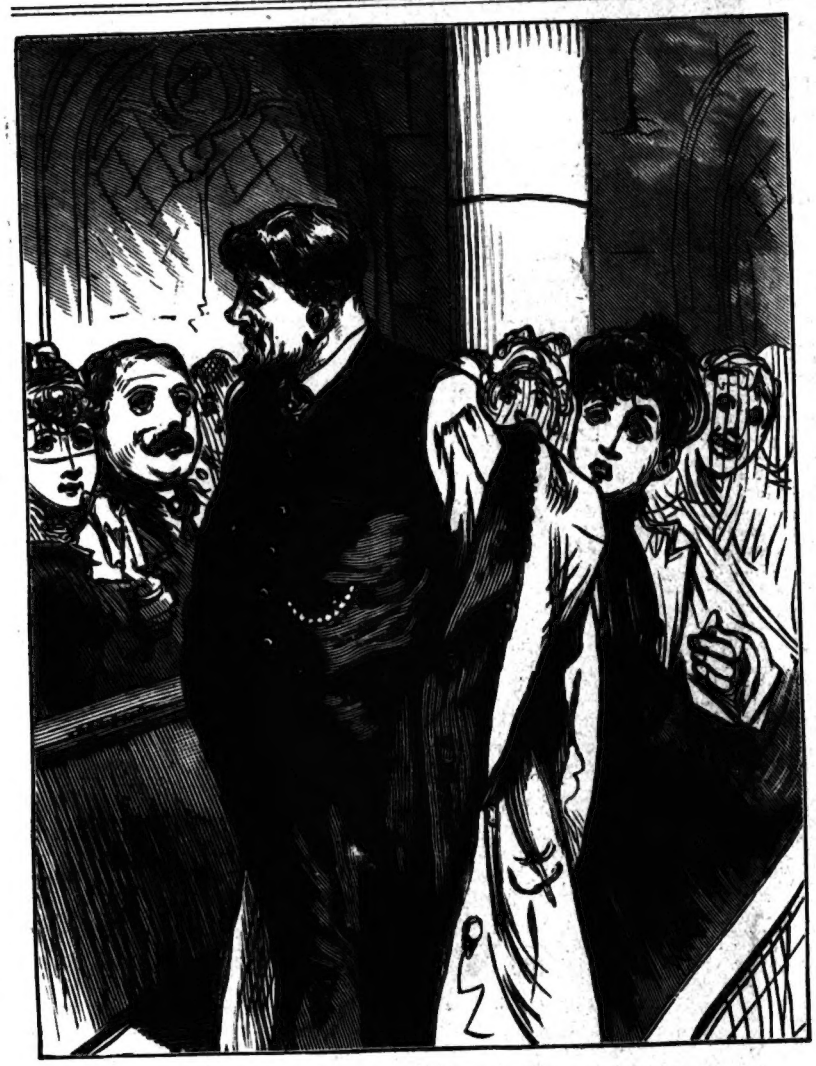
Sad Ending of a Young Society Lady's Career in Brompton.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"RATHER a sad affair occurred in Brompton a short time since," says a correspondent, "which only goes to prove the difference between the two sexes. For many years a young man has been paying court to an estimable young lady, and an engagement was the result. He became estranged from her, and when the young lady saw a notice in a paper announcing the proposed marriage of the faithless lover to another she sailed about the room, and finally fell dead to the floor. Heart disease was the decision given by the physicians, though it was really nothing more than a broken heart which caused her sudden death.

"THAR'S a man a-comin' here who kin raise spirits."

"Lemme know when a gallon!"



WANTED COMFORT IN CHURCH.
A Wealthy Farmer who Believed in Doffing Unnecessary Garments in Attending a Sermon.

TOO FOND OF FLOWERS.
A Female who Made it a Practice to Pillage Graveyards of Flowers.

STRUCK THE WRONG HOUSE.
An Inebriated Youth is Brought Face to Face with his Employer.

FOOLED THE OLD 'UN.
A Clever Young Man Shields his Sweetheart from her Father.

SHE DOTED ON ROOSTERS.
A Damsel who Found Pleasure in Training Roosters as Pets.

GIRLS OUT ON A LARK.
A Quartette of Dames Raise Merry Cain in the Streets.

ARTHUR A. ZIMMERMAN, the champion cyclist, is in New York City. He claims to have made a small fortune by his six months' tour in Europe.

* * *

EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, the pioneer of long-distance walking, is arranging a six days' walk with Henry Schmehl, to occur in Newark, New Jersey, or Syracuse, New York.

* * *

LIGHTFOOT, an English jockey who fell while riding Belle Lurette at the Bordeaux Races, has died in hospital from the effects of his injuries. He had ridden a good many winners during his residence in France, and had been employed by Prince Murat, M. Rdmond Blanc, Baron Finot, and many other well-known owners. Lightfoot married five years ago, and leaves a widow and four children. At the same races Bordenave, a French jockey, who was riding Margarine in the prize of the Ville de Bordeaux, also fell, and was killed on the course.

* * *

EIGHTEEN members of the Executive Committee of the N.C.A.S.A. were present at a meeting in Liverpool the other day. By a majority of eleven to three it was decided that J. H. Tyers be asked to appear before the executive at the meeting to be held at Manchester on December 8, 1894, to explain about his swimming at Stockport. Tyers's claim to first prize at Kendal was granted, the fast time claim being disallowed.

* * *

W. MENDELSON, a New Zealander, cleared 21ft 8½in in a running broad jump, easily winning the event in the Freshman Sports at Cambridge.

* * *

FREDERICK S. HORAN finished second in the two mile strangers' race in the College Sports at Cambridge, November 21. Horan covered the full distance in 9min 43 4-5sec. H. Mathers, 300yd, was first.

* * *

THE Athletic Council of Cornell College, at Ithaca, New York, has decided to enter an eight-oared crew in two events at Henley Regatta. They will be the Grand Challenge Cup contest and the race for the Thames Challenge Cup. It will depend upon circumstances as to which race the American Collegians will take part in. They want to test their powers against the pick of the Oxford and Cambridge Universities, so it is more than probable that the American eight will train for the "Grand." Charley Courtney, the famous sculler, will train the crew.

* * *

LIZZIE JOHNSON, one of the celebrated family of swimmers, is appearing in exhibitions at the Royal Aquarium.

* * *

TOM SULLIVAN has finally concluded to recognise the challenge of "Wag" Harding, and states that he will arrange two sculling races for next March, one for the Tyne and one for the Thames Championship Course. The full amount of stake money in both matches to be posted before the first race is decided.

* * *

THE *Sporting Life* handicap, which was concluded on Saturday, is only noticeable for the running into third place on the same mark and behind many youngsters half his age of Dave Isaacs, of Wandsworth, who recently, when over fifty years of age, won one of these handicaps.

* * *

IN this paper we like to notice anything remarkable; and we think in the annals of pedestrianism it would be hard to show a parallel case to that of Dave Isaacs. How often do we hear the remark, "Youth will be served." There never was a rule but there is an exception, and here is a man on the shady side of fifty, if not absolutely getting his living as a ped—very near doing so. Send your portrait along, Dave.

"How are you feeling, Pat?" asked a ship's doctor just before retiring of an Irish immigrant.

"Oh! dear; oh! dear, doctor," replied the son of the Emerald Isle, "I'm sure I'm kilt entirely. Sure, this is the roughest night I've seen in many a long day."

HIGH JINKS IN HONOLULU

HONOLULU, the capital of the Sandwich Islands, rarely lacks a social sensation of some kind, but it has one now that puts all previous affairs of the sort on the list of the commonplace. What led up to the lively episode which is town talk in the Kanaka capital was an innocent subscription dance at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. Such dances are often held there, and as a rule they are decorous functions and break up early. This one, so far as the majority of the guests were concerned, was no exception to the rule.

The trouble came about because some high-rolling strangers from San Francisco, a steamship captain, a British naval officer, and two or three young women who hang on the fringe of Honolulu society, gave the little hop peculiar embellishments of their own. Among these extra frills, as they might be called, were a score or more of insidious cocktails and a few bottles of champagne. In other words, the strangers, becoming dissatisfied with the mild punch supplied by the dancers, obtained and absorbed the ingredients of a fiery jug.

Then the fun began. Most of the superfluous drinking had been done out in the broad lanai, or great sheltered piazza of the hotel, where the tipplers would pass their time behind potted plants and screens, unobserved by the dancers. None of the champagne drinkers moved about much until they had quaffed deep and long and had grown uncertain about the points of the compass. Then they all started at once for the dining-room to get a taste of solids. The average looker-on in Honolulu will never, while memory holds a seat in his distracted globe, forget the spectacle those strangers made. The steamship captain led the staggering column along the lengthy corridor that traverses the main part of the hotel from the lanai to the dining-room, and hanging to his arms were two well-known San Franciscans of the female sex. Every now and then the latter stopped to kick at the chandelier or at the hat of some bystander, and in this fashion the dining-room was finally reached.

There the revelry was something so scandalous that it has been barely hinted at in the cautious Honolulu press, though the town gossips have canvassed all its details. A little was eaten, a great deal more was imbibed, and then the ladies vied with each other in high kicking, while the male members of the party held their hats up on walking sticks to tempt ambitious feet to loftier efforts. Tiring finally of their sport the party divided into couples.

A little later a San Francisco gentleman left the lady in his charge asleep on a bench and went to look for his wife. He searched the hotel as closely as his condition would permit, and finally saw the missing helpmate in company of a British naval officer. No row occurred, however, the husband preferring to see the lady alone. He went to his room and waited. When she finally made her appearance the row that took place woke every sleeper on the floor. A truce seems to have been patched up since, as the couple are seen daily in each other's company, looking amiable.

It speaks volumes for the conservatism of the Honolulu press that two days were allowed to go by before anything was said. Then the *Star* printed this mild paragraph:—

"The series of scandals resulting from the late dance at the Hawaiian Hotel are without a parallel in the recent social history of Honolulu. It reminds one very strongly that the social influences and practices of the monarchy still prevail in certain circles."

This stirred up the Macfarlanes, who lease the hotel and manage it. They were fearful that the reputation given the house by the night's proceedings would lead the Government, which owns the premises, to cancel the lease. Their first move was to shift the blame upon Steward Friemann, and this they attempted to do through the columns of the morning Honolulu paper. It happened, however, that Friemann was asleep at the time of the trouble. It is alleged that a boy of twelve had been put on the night shift by appointment of the Macfarlanes themselves. As soon as Friemann found that he was being made a scapegoat he resigned, and threatens, unless ample retraction is made, to sue his traducers for heavy damages. Thus the affair may get an airing in court.

GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

In purchasing THE MIRROR OF LIFE you are given a Weekly Journal of which eight pages are made up solely of expensive woodcuts, the illustrations being drawn by the very best artists obtainable. It gives you incidents in an accurate and striking manner.

Our reading columns comprise spicy news such as is interesting to all classes. THE MIRROR OF LIFE will not at any time touch on the borders of immorality, because sensational news can be written in a bright way without a tendency to corrupt humankind.

We claim in pugilism to be ahead of any weekly published in any part of the world.

Our motto is at al times to be just and fearless.

IN an hotel de dosse, or, in plainer language, a common lodging-house, at Hammersmith may now be seen, cleaning the panikins and doing the meanest work for the meanest and poorest of mankind, a gentleman who once rejoiced in the cognomen of the "King of the Dials." He was to be seen in his palmy days at the ringside, and later on at nearly all boxing shows, where his voice was the loudest and coarsest, and, being nearly always mad drunk, his presence the most obnoxious. Like old Joe Rowe, the "King of the Dials" had a big diamond ring, and so proud was he of his "fawney" that he was seldom seen without it.

The "boys" are no respecters of persons, and one evening at the "Cri." one of the brigade, whom we shall call Tom Bull, asked to see the "King's Koh-i-Noor." It required a little persuasion to induce his majesty to take the big jewel from his finger, and Tom, who pretended to examine it, let it slip on the ground, and, having found and returned the jewel, hastily took his departure. What was the king's disgust when, shortly after, looking at his ring, he found that his prized jewel had disappeared from its setting. The "king" was in a dilemma; he dared not give information to the police, because he had obtained the ring on the "cross," and Tom knew it. Tom was eventually found, and so was the stone, but a good sum of money changed hands before the jewel flashed in the king's "fawney" again.

Poor old Joe Rowe, who has recently, at the age of seventy-five, returned to his *Casa* in Stanhope Street after doing a couple of "moon," was also at one time very proud of his big diamond ring; and when his wife levanted with the "French Count," taking with her all his earthly possessions, he considered his big jewel the most precious of the lot. Joe has told us how he walked the streets of Paris looking, with a revolver, for the erring pair, determined to shoot them should they show up; but they did not. Joe afterwards regained possession of his big diamond, but in order to put temptation out of everybody's way he eventually sold it.

While on the subject of diamond rings we may mention one stone which was lost in a curious manner. Spriggins, one of the "heads" known at every boxing show and at every racecourse, and whose mouth is larger than any known nigger's in creation, was looking over the hands of some well-known sports who were playing "Nap." "I'll go 'Nap,'" cried one, putting down his cards and banging them with his hand. As he did so the diamond flew out of his ring and vanished into space. After hunting and searching every available spot the disconsolate bookie offered ten pounds reward to the finder of the stone. "Will you give me ten pounds?" asked Spriggins. "Yes, anyone who finds it." "Well! here you are," said Spriggins, opening his mouth and disgorging the stone to the amazement of everyone present. The stone had flown out of the ring into Spriggins's mouth as he sat watching the cards—and he confesses that he never had had such a dainty morsel before or since.

* * *

THE other day, in one of the Queen's Bench Courts, before Mr. Justice Wills, a rather complicated case was about to be heard, and some discussion took place between the leading counsel, Mr. Webb, Q.C., and Mr. Bingham, Q.C., as to whether the plaintiff or defendant should open the case. The matter causing some trouble, his lordship suggested that they should "toss" for it; but this suggestion, although coming from Mr. Justice Wills, was not agreed to by the learned counsel, because it was considered derogatory to the dignity of the court. It seems strange in these days that a judge should suggest tossing, or gambling, in open court, or that our Premier should own racehorses and a Derby winner, but a reference to the wager book at Brooks's—a volume still in existence—will show that gambling, or betting, was resorted to by our grandfathers on all things conceivable or inconceivable, not only in our law courts, but even in the House of Commons, with so great a personage as a Prime Minister as delinquent. So common was it in Parliament at one time to settle any dispute by the toss up of a coin, or bet, that when Mr. Pulteney accused Sir Robert Walpole with misquoting Horace the reply of the Prime Minister was an offer to bet a guinea he was right. It was taken, and on the Clerk of the House being called upon to decide the question he declared Pulteney had won, when Sir Robert pitched the guinea across the House. It was picked up by his opponent, who sarcastically remarked as he pocketed the coin, "That is the first public money I ever touched."

* * *

CHARLES JAMES FOX, one of the greatest of orators and statesmen, was also one of the greatest of gamblers, losing or winning fortunes at cards with the greatest sangfroid. In early life he bet Lord Northington 10 to 1 that he would be called to the Bar in four years' time, and more than ten years later this eccentric Minister bet Lord Hawkesbury £1,000 to a guinea that the National Debt would never in their time amount to over £270,000,000. Fox lived to see that event come to pass, but whether he paid the wager is not recorded.

Lord Stair caused some scandal in Paris when Louis XIV. was taken ill by wagering that his Majesty would not live until the end of the month.

Mr. Blake, a member of White's Club, possessed with the idea that a man could live twelve hours under water, betted £1,500 on his craze, and to prove it he hired a desperate fellow and sank him in a vessel of his own invention by way of experiment, but the ship and the man never returned.

£75,000 was the sum in dispute over a curious wager which was fought out in the Queen's Bench, before Lord Mansfield, between two gentlemen, as to the size of the Venus de Medici. As both litigants had measured the statue beforehand, and each thought he had the advantage of the other, Lord Mansfield, while expressing his sorrow that he could not make both sides lose, ruled that the wager was an illegal one, and the jury found accordingly.

Late in the last century, for a wager, a man crossed the Thames in a butcher's tray; and early in the present Mr. Harry Hunt drove his father's blacking van and four horses backwards and forwards across the above-named river during the great frost.

In the "good old times" bets were made about the most trivial as well as the most important events of the day, and when speculation in this direction was dull large sums have changed hands between gamblers on a rainy day over the progress of two flies on the clubhouse windows.

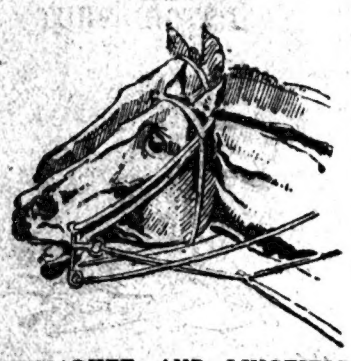
HUSBAND NO. 2 PLAYED GHOST.

A TRADESMAN'S widow in Paris, of thirty-five summers, decided on marrying again. She was in comfortable circumstances, but was haunted by the dread of the apparition of her defunct husband's ghost, and thought that the presence of a successor might have the effect of keeping it away. All went well for three months after the wedding—at least so far as the ghost was concerned—but, nevertheless, the couple somehow fell out, and determined to apply for a divorce. In the meantime the man went his own way, and his spouse remained at her abode. A few days ago, just as the witching hour of midnight had struck, the lady beheld, by the pale moonlight, a figure, wrapped in what she believed to be a shroud, enter her room. Convinced that this must be the dreaded ghost of her first husband, she hid her head under the bedclothes, and so passed the night in a state of abject terror. She grew bolder when the sun was up, and then perceived that her wardrobe was open, and that the sum of 550f. had disappeared. Manifestly the ghost could not have been the perpetrator of the theft. A visit was promptly paid to the Police Commissary, the adventure related, and it having transpired that the locks had not been tampered with, and that husband No. 2 was provided with a key of the apartment, he was sent for. At first he tried to deny, but at last he confessed that he had taken the money, having wrapped himself up in a sheet, as he was aware of his wife's weakness in regard to ghosts. The Police Commissary cleverly seized this opportunity of reconciling the couple, and there is no more talk of a suit for a divorce!

PRIMA DONNAS' FORTUNES.

A CORRESPONDENT who has read the article on the fortunes of prima-donnas states that the real name of the first singing woman, who flourished in the reign of Queen Anne, was Margherita de L'Epine, and that she was an Italian of French extraction. She left the lyric stage in 1722 with a fortune of £10,000, and married the celebrated German musician, Dr. Pepusch, who arranged the airs and wrote the overture for the "Beggar's Opera." Another correspondent informs us that "Margheretta" is mentioned in the report of the trial for bigamy of Beau Fielding, who married Charles II.'s Duchess of Cleveland, and also a widow with an apocryphal fortune, whom the Beau entertained with wine and cake at his lodgings in Pall Mall. Further to please her he sent for "Margheretta," who lived close by, to sing songs.

TURF NOTES.



NEWMARKET AND LINGFIELD STEEPLECHASE MEETINGS.

THE NEWMARKET GRAND MILITARY STEEPLECHASE.

THE NOVEMBER STEEPLECHASE

THE FORD MANOR STEEPLECHASE.

FINAL SELECTIONS.

ALTHOUGH the flat-racing ended with its big handicaps in anything but a satisfactory manner to those who stuck to the favourites, they will be found to-day at Cheveley Park standing the good things over the sticks, for what with Indian Queen at 20 to 1, Dumbarton at the same figure, which was the identical price offered against Ravensbury on Saturday last, the punter will keenly remember the year 1894.

The meeting at Newmarket will be well attended this afternoon in Cheveley Park, and although the fields sent to contest the various stakes may not be strong in numbers, some good racing will be witnessed if some of the better class are allowed to compete, notably such as Why Not, The Midshipmite, Ardcarn, and Æsop, who have, before this, performed creditably over this course. The Newmarket Grand Military Steeplechase, as on the last occasion, may bring out the top-weights, and Why Not, who defeated the favourite Midshipmite, if sent again, will be well supported and should win. Belmont is doubly engaged, but the Cheveley Steeplechase should be his journey, and Shootaway and Pampero his nearest attendants. The Wood Ditton Hurdle Race looks a good thing for Haymaker, and Baccarat will be thereabouts at the finish. In the Link Stakes King Schœneus, who is a recent winner in this company, should come out prominently, and Dungarvan may account for the Moulton Maiden Steeplechase, also Pantomime or Lord Lieutenant for the Camois Steeplechase. On Friday the venue will be changed to Lingfield, where two days will be devoted to the sport, for six events each day will make up sufficient inducement to attract visitors to this popular fixture. Midshipmite as a steeplechaser ranks above any of those entered in the November Handicap Steeplechase, and by his aid this event may go to Swatton's stable, which is also represented by Esher, but the top-weight could carry all the others and then win. In the second division Fetteresso is next best, but in the event of the first-named being present, I should scarcely think it necessary to look elsewhere for the winner.

The Winter's Keep Steeplechase, which, for the winner, will be aptly named, may fall to Snaplock, and the East Park Handicap Hurdle Race to Stigma, who figures with Wetherby and Romeo from the Epsom stable, and may account for it; these being in the same interest, form a strong trio to select from. The first-named may be the chosen of the party—if so, she will win; Dilemma and Rhea next, in the order named. Galloping Dick figures in the Batnors Hall Hurdle Plate, but Toil and Trouble will be the best of that age to depend upon, and with Sweet Muscat appear the most likely to furnish the winner. On Saturday, in the Weir Mill Hurdle Handicap I must again stand on Stigma; the previous running on Friday will be the best guide. Grigou may pick up the Ford Manor Handicap, and Mr. A. Lawson's Athlumney the Hunt Flat Race, who will have most to apprehend from Yoredale and Vosges. The Hunters' Steeplechase, for horses that have never started under the Rules of Racing, may be secured by Westmeath. Below will be found the final selections for the various events.

NEWMARKET STEEPLECHASE MEETING.

THURSDAY.

The Moulton Maiden Steeplechase,
Dungarvan.

The Links Stakes,
King Schœneus.

The Cheveley Steeplechase,
Belmont or Shootaway.

The Wood Ditton Hurdle Race,
Haymaker.

The Newmarket Grand Steeplechase,
Why Not or The Midshipmite.

The Camois Steeplechase,
Lord Lieutenant.

LINGFIELD.

FRIDAY.

The November Steeplechase,
The Midshipmite.

The Winter's Keep Steeplechase,
Snaplock.

The East Park Hurdle Race,
Stigma.

The Batnors Hall Hurdle Race,
Toil and Trouble.

SATURDAY.

The Weir Mill Hurdle Race,
Stigma.

The Ford Manor Steeplechase,
Grigou.

The Southern Hunt Flat Race,
Vosges or Yoredale.

Hunters' Steeplechase,
Westmeath.

CHALK.

DEALT FARO BANK IN HIS CELL.

An Inveterate Gambler whilst Lodged in Gaol Deals for Friends and Gets their Valuables.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A NOTORIOUS gambler was recently sentenced to gaol in Denver, Colorado, for assaulting a local sporting character, and being extremely popular with the police authorities he was granted permission to indulge in an occasional game of cards. One of his pals paid him a visit and smuggled in a faro lay out. The prisoner secured it, and placing it upon the floor of his cell proposed to deal for the visitor. Stakes ran high, but in the end the gambler found himself the winner of all of his pal's money and jewellery. The gaol officials happened to get an inkling of what had transpired, and now the prisoner is prohibited from enjoying the pleasure of a card game.

TURNED THE HOSE ON HER.

The Strange Freak of a Fanatic who Objected to Abbreviated Attire on the Stage.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A COMIC opera star was subjected to rather harsh treatment at a theatre in Antwerp the other night. It appears a crank on reform happened to avail himself of a private box close to the stage, and in one corner of the box was placed a fire extinguisher, which did not escape his eyes. Just as one of the artists walked before the footlights, clad in tights, to sing her part, the fanatic in the box told her to leave the stage and put a dress on. The performer paid no heed to what was said, and before she could realise what had struck her she felt a stream of water dash against the back of her head. The dress reformer had secured the fire extinguisher, and fairly deluged the fairy with its contents.

STRUCK THE WRONG HOUSE.

An Inebriated Youth is Brought Face to Face with his Employer by Mistake.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A CRUEL trick was perpetrated on a young man employed in a large London commercial house, which shows how depraved a spiteful man can be when he desires. A pair of mashers had been out doing the various night clubs, and when one of them had made use of a remark which proved offensive to the other he was placed in a "growler" and driven to the residence of his employer. The merchant was roused from his slumbers, and upon opening the front door perceived his confidential clerk in a maudlin condition, supported by his treacherous friend, who informed the merchant that the young man would certainly bear a lot of watching.

GIRLS OUT ON A LARK.

A Quartette of Dames Raise Merry Cain in the Streets.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A QUARTETTE of sirens created no end of amusement in Paris recently by dressing in male attire and parading about the streets. They captured the female passers-by and surprised them by displaying familiarity, imprinting kisses on their cheeks and hugging them in a most affectionate manner. The arrival of several men upon the scene caused the mirth-makers to vanish, and had it not been for the manner in which they tittered over the joke the victims would never have known but that they had been assailed by real men instead of women disguised as such.

— That Mr. Waters, the solicitor who defended Read, and is now petitioning for a reprieve, is the same gentleman who defended Smith, Knifton, and Co. when they were "run in" from the furniture van in which they were proceeding on their third voyage to settle their little difference in Cheshunt Park. The Thames Police Court was the venue.

* * *

— That the biggest fee the young solicitor had received up to that time, so he assures us, was from Mr. Arthur Cooper, race-horse owner, found with others in the van. When the prisoners were placed in the dock Arthur played the part of the "vanishing man."

* * *

— That, by the bye, Mr. Scott, of "disappearing" fame, is now acting manager of the Eden Theatre of Varieties. We can quite understand now how he eluded the hue and cry raised against him when we look on Scott as he is and on his picture presented in the newspapers at the time of his disappearance.

* * *

— That a good deal of pressure was brought to bear on the police authorities at Marylebone by a gentleman sport living in the North-Western district in order that they should protest against bail being granted to the two prisoners in the "Cutlass Case."

* * *

— That it was then stated by those "in the know" that Woodward would give the authorities leg-bail as soon as he obtained his liberty; and this has proved to be the case, for when the names were called at the Old Bailey, Taylor was missing and Woodward reported "on his way to India."

* * *

— That Arthur Cockburn seems to be eternally in the wars. First we have him milling a cabman and getting milled in return, Cabby's right-hander laying poor Arthur's nose on his face like a pressed fig, so much so that for years he bore the sobriquet of "Figgy."

* * *

— That next we have the game of poker at the late unfortunate "Squire's," in which Arthur took a hand, and then the "cutting-up stakes," this time with frontier swords—half sword and half saw.

* * *

— That poor Arthur is the mildest-mannered man that ever cut a card. Ask Slavin.

* * *

— That we are afraid Slavin is not now in the best of tempers, so it would be dangerous to ask him questions; for was not Mr. Moore and the late landlord of the Rose bailees for the missing men?

* * *

— That those boxers who think it will be an easy job to knock out the Coffee Cooler must play the game lower down, for the other day we happened to espy a letter from one of the many fair creatures who correspond with the black champion at THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

* * *

— That love letters should not be let go astray, and in this one we noticed the lady's fervent appeal that "Frank would be careful to shield his dear face from harm." The Cooler grew quite amused when he read this letter, and jumping up from his seat exclaimed: "By Golly! but they'll have to try."

* * *

— That if boxers associate with the dangerous classes they must expect to be viewed with suspicion, and they must not be surprised if they have to pay the penalty of their associates' misdeeds. We hope a certain boxer will take this to heart.

— That Joe Steers the "Bung" and Joe Steers the Smith are two different men. "Putting out the lights" has ruined more than one good boxer.

* * *

— That it is quite a sight to see the bold young fishmonger, Horace King, filleting a plaice or clapping together a pair of soles. What price fish now, Horace, with Frank Hinde's gold medal dangling from your manly chest?

* * *

— That the Kings have been fishmongers for generations, and their shop is older than the Euston Station opposite. Old Father King is quite as enthusiastic with regard to boxing as his two sons. It is old King's proud boast that, although in the fish trade, his sons partake of the nature of the other portion of his business—game.

* * *

— That Mr. Harding Cox, of the recent "Harding Cox Divorce Case," must not be confounded with Mr. William Henry Cox, late of the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette* and a defendant in the celebrated action Wood v. Cox. They are a different species of Cox.

* * *

— That for a long time past it has been an open secret both to sculling pro.'s and amateurs that "Wag" Harding could be champion of the Thames whenever he liked to try. His easy defeat of George Bubear and Sullivan's indifference to the little man's challenge bear out this assertion.

* * *

— That should Harding be allowed a walk—or, more properly speaking, a row—over for the championship, he will be the smallest man who has ever won and bore the proud title of aquatic champion of England.

WILLIE SMITH.

Champion 8st 2lb Pugilist, who is Appearing in the "Heroes of the Fleet."

(With Portrait.)

WILLIE SMITH, champion 8st 2lb pugilist, wants a match at even weight with any man in the world. He is appearing at music halls in the provinces in "Heroes of the Fleet," boxing three rounds with Bill Baxter. He was born in London twenty-three years ago, and stands 5ft 5in. About four years ago he took to boxing, and made his début at Tom Symonds's. The engagement that first brought him into notice was a four-round contest, in which he took part against Charley Mansford, of Mile End, at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch. Mansford was a very clever customer about that time, but the summary manner in which Smith dealt with his opponent, and won as he liked, stamped him as an exceedingly useful lad. Some time after this he won a competition promoted by Ben Hyams at the Goodwin Club, and subsequently, in the summer of 1892, he won Frank Hinde's 8st 2lb competition at the Central Hall, Holborn, beating in turn Charley Roberts, Charley Ingram, and Tim Sullivan in the hollowest fashion. On October 5, 1892, Smith defeated Tom Gardner, of St. George's, in ten rounds, for £400 and the 8st 2lb championship, at the Kennington Social Club. He was placed into enforced idleness owing to an inability to get a customer within a few pounds of his weight until June 4, when he met Johnny Ryann for £100 a-side and an added purse of £100, at the National Sporting Club, when Smith won with ridiculous ease in three rounds. He is a remarkably clever lad, a punishing hitter, and knows every inch of a ring. Smith bars no man in the world at even weight.

TOO FOND OF FLOWERS.

A Female who Made it a Practice to Pillage Graveyards of Flowers.

(Subject of Illustration.)

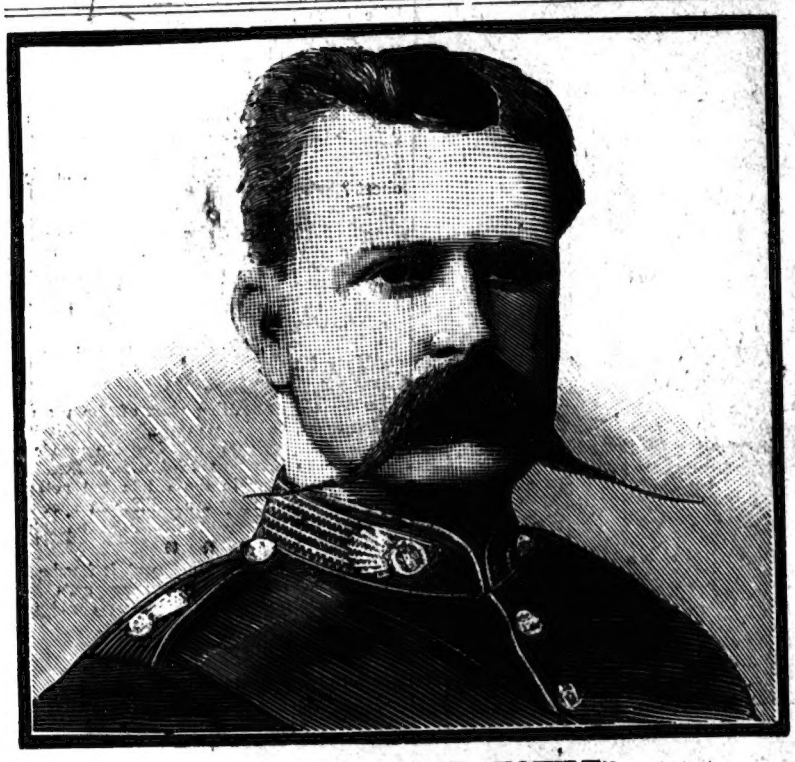
IN Somersetshire, a well-known burial ground has for some time past been robbed of flowers from time to time, and the caretaker enlisted the services of an officer to aid him in detecting the miscreant. The guilty party was captured the other day, and it turned out to be a lady of good social standing. She was in the act of concealing the word rest beneath her skirts when an officer swooped down, and were it not for the family connections of the dame she would have been given a good rest in gaol.

WANTED COMFORT IN CHURCH.

A Wealthy Farmer who Believed in Doffing Unnecessary Garments in Attending a Sermon.

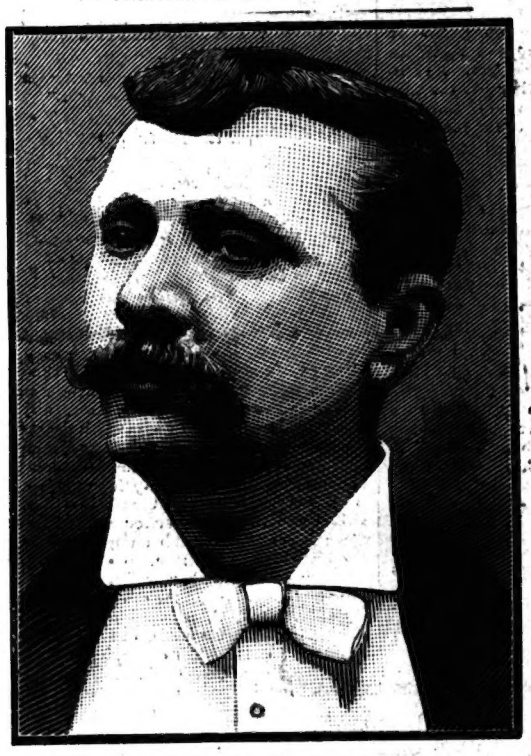
(Subject of Illustration.)

IN Devon there resides a wealthy farmer who, when attending service on Sunday, invariably takes off his coat and sits in his pew in shirt sleeves. Many of the congregation comment upon his strange action, but he allows that comfort is a necessity when entertaining religious subjects, and so as it would be were he seated in his drawing-room

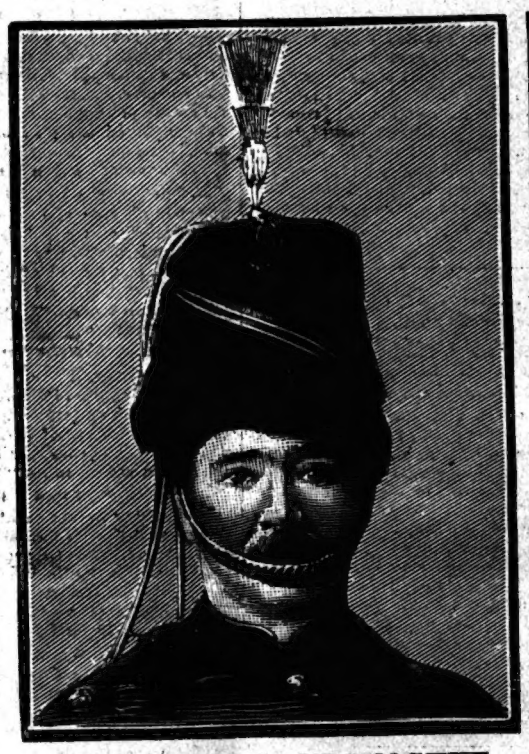


SERGEANT-MAJOR FOWLES,
1st Batn. Grenadier Guards, a Gentleman who is a Thorough Sportsman.

MR. JAMES E. DEWHURST.
A Gentleman who Has Made the Belsize the Foremost Amateur Boxing Club in England.



MR. LEONI CLARKE.
Who Possesses Fame as a Trainer of Cats, Rats, and Mice.



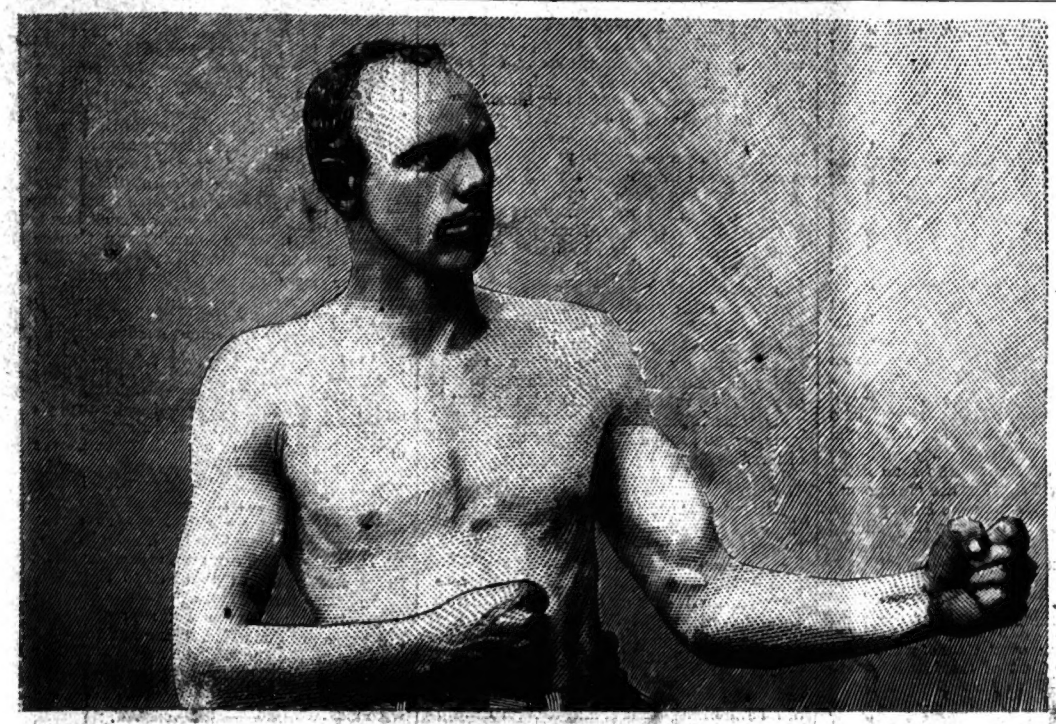
SERGT. JAMES O'DONOGHUE.
One of the "Gallant Six Hundred," who Sounded the Charge at the Battle of Balaclava.

BILL HULLETT.
A Clever Lad who Aspires to Reach the Front Ranks of Pugilism in His Class.

ROBERT GEORGE HARDIE.
The Notting Hill Tonsorial Artist who Won the World's Championship Trophy for Rapid Shaving.

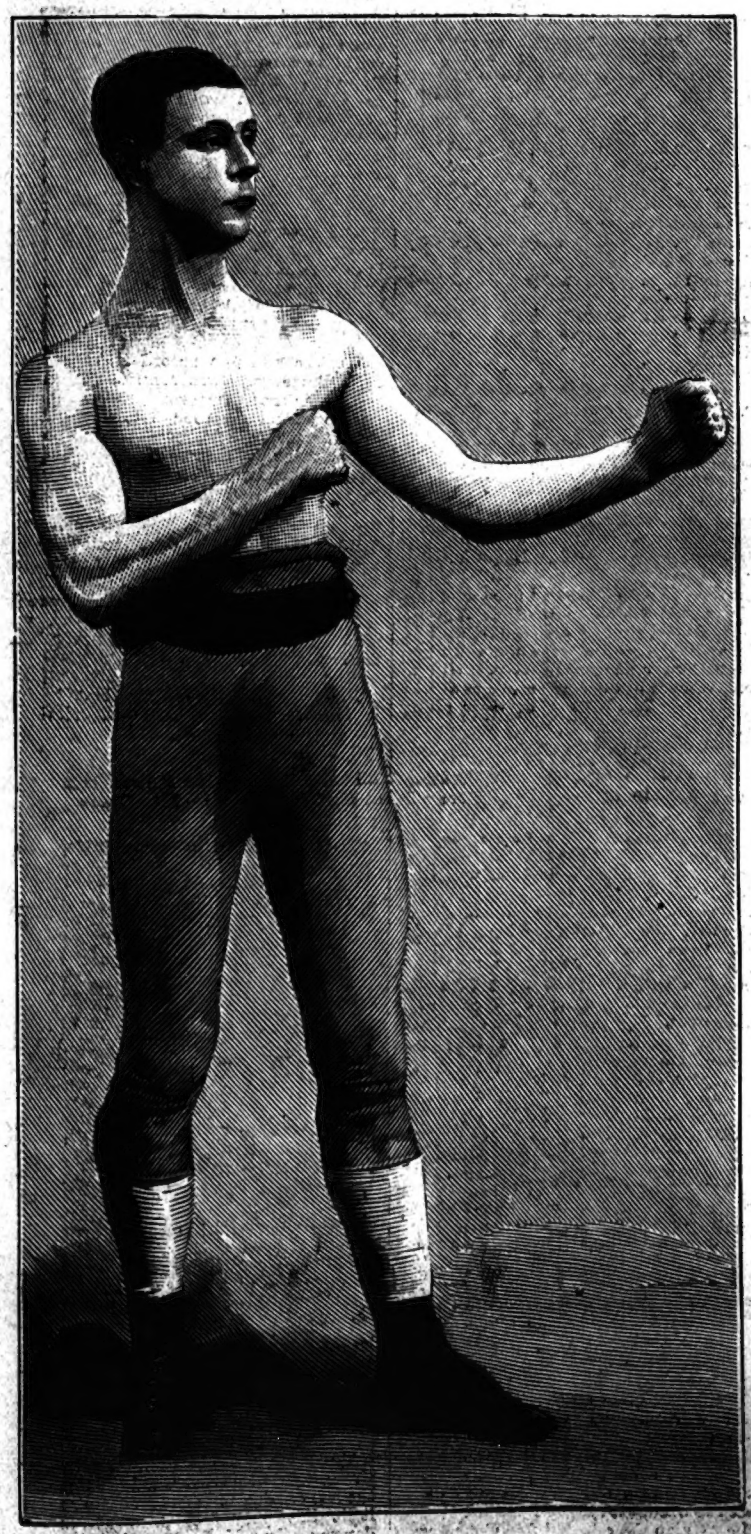
EDWIN R. HARDIE.
The Bow Clipper, who Finished Second to his Cousin in the Shaving Championship.

JAMES RYMER.
The Mile-End Marvel, who, with a Broken Left Arm, Finished Third in the Shaving Championship.



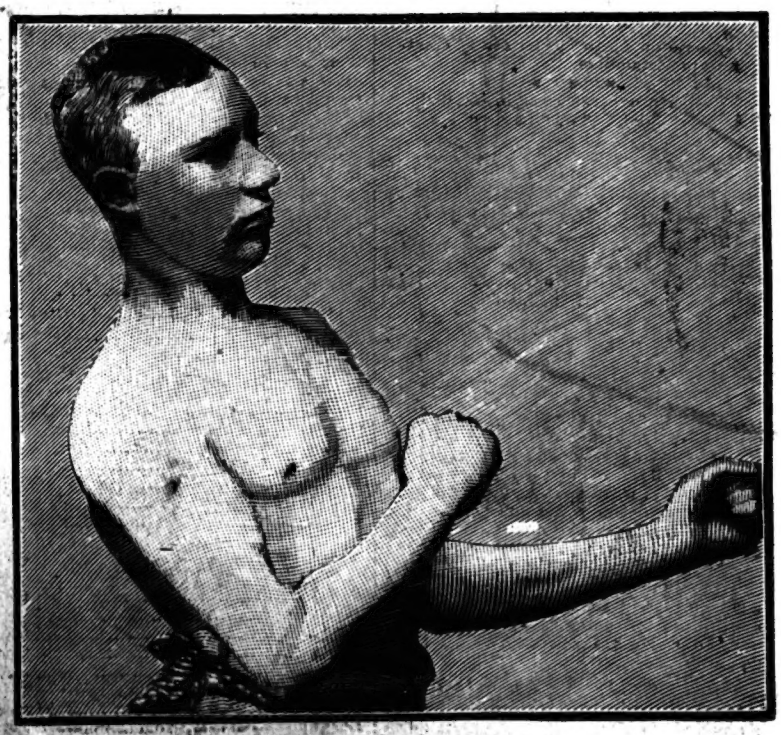
BOB FITZSIMMONS.
The Champion Matched to Fight James J. Corbett, who Killed Con Riordan in a Boxing Bout.

NED FLYNN.
An ex-Pedestrian who Manages the Kilburn Gymnasium with Success.



WILLIE SMITH.
Champion 8st 2lb Pugilist, who is Appearing in the "Heroes of the Fleet."

LILY IRIS.
A Clever Soubrette who Gives Promise of Becoming Famous as a Performer.



HARRY WEBSTER.
A Somers Town Lad who Challenges all England at 9st 8lb to a Twenty-Round Fight.

Pritchard Champion.

Burge Easily Beaten.

Moore's Defeat by Driscoll.

The Naval Champion an Improved Man.

The Cooler to Peter Jackson.

Sport Amongst the Soldiers.

Gossip of the Ring.

How we change! On Monday evening, as we journeyed to the Burge v. Pritchard match, we encountered Charley Bates in his war paint. Charley was about to dine at the Holborn Restaurant, a guest of the Tiger Rowing Club, and this was the night of their annual spread.

* * *

It seemed strange to us to see Charley, the most ardent patron of Jem Smith and Toff Wall, so lukewarm about the big contests of Monday evening. At one time he did the most hare-brained tricks imaginable to be at the select boxing shows of recent years; and now the feed and not the fight was the object of his journey. Charley, you have lived to see the error of your ways.

* * *

The only parallel to Monday night in the history of boxing was when James Smith fought Jack Wannop at the Eden Theatre, now some five years ago.

* * *

Then, as now, the street was impassable, and it required a large force of police to keep it clear. In vain the commissionaires, mostly old and feeble men, tried to stem the torrent of the crowd, and had not barriers been erected the mob outside would have stormed the house and had a show to themselves.

* * *

It was pitiable to see old Jem Mace standing among a crowd of "rags," fourth-rate boxers and their hangers-on—we shall not gratify their love for notoriety by advertising their names—who this night were the worms of the hour. Their language and their behaviour were in keeping, and their cries, "Pay here for the two-pound seats," created quite a pandemonium.

* * *

"We have our reporters inside, and we don't want no more," was the cry of the half-demented gentleman whose equilibrium appeared to be upset by his first essay in management; and when Press men from good papers requested admission they were thrust back with almost brutal violence.

* * *

We were ashamed to see a man with the old champion's record cottoning to such a crowd of wasters, and unable to pass those whom as manager for Burge he had himself invited. These rags who held the door seemed intoxicated by their little brief authority; and like the Irishman at Donnybrook Fair, hit about friend or foe indiscriminately.

* * *

Pugilists and bookmakers mingled indiscriminately. Jem Carney was stopped at the door, and so was Slavin. In the case of the former he waited until his friend Mr. "Jolly" Ross, who had taken half the house, arrived upon the scene and passed him through, while Slavin only stopped long enough at the door to find his brief.

* * *

The rotund Chippy Norton walked in like a solid man, and so did various other Turf celebrities; but many came who saw the crowd of heads at the door and did not like to venture.

* * *

Those who expected to see Pritchard a mere wreck were surprised to see the middle-weight champion in old form and confident of defeating his opponent. As for Burge, his supporters thought he could not lose, and the "jolly" one who put him up at the Hummums and found the best part of his backing, was informed by his mentor, old Jem Mace, that it was all over bar shouting.

* * *

Whether Pritchard was playing a waiting game, and the result of the combat was the one intended, we are unable to say; but on the face of it the battle appeared to be lost by the overweening confidence of Burge.

* * *

Perhaps if the fight had progressed we might have had a different story to narrate; but it certainly reminds us of the second fight between Jem Mace and Tom King, when the former, thinking he had the latter settled, received such such a blow as that which settled Burge's pretensions before a round and a half had been fought.

* * *

And now, when those persons who strutted about on the night in managerial authority, and fancied then they knew so much, now find that they know so little. We fancy they by this time are crying out, in the language of Jemmy the Sweep when done by his pals: "To think they should have done *me*."

* * *

The finals of three competitions were decided at the Eden Theatre on Saturday night. In the 7st 6lb competition Greer secured a decision over Camis, who, however, had all the best of the hitting. The results follow:—7st 6lb Competition.—Final: Alf Greer, St. Luke's, beat H. Camis, St. James's, after a well-contested bout. 8st 6lb Competition.—Final: R. Evans, St. Luke's, beat W. Stevens, Bloomsbury, rather easily. 6st 10lb Competition.—Final: W. Robson, Drury Lane, beat J. Maloney, Clare Market. The former, who was the tallest, led throughout and won comfortably.

* * *

The contest between Dick Moore and Jerry Driscoll, at the National Sporting Club, on Monday evening, was deserving of notice in this, if for nothing else, that the spectators saw a combat of some duration, and not, as has only been too frequent at the National, great expectations unrealised by shows of one round or a little over.

Driscoll appeared to be trained to the hour; but although Moore expressed himself confident of defeating the Navy champion, it was seen when he set himself going that he was either holding something up his sleeve or that he was not the tradesman they had been led to believe. Driscoll has yet a lot to learn before he can live in first-class company. Yet somehow or other he managed repeatedly to get home on his opponent without return, for Moore's blows were surprisingly short, and seemed to lack vigour.

It is all very well to take your gruel, but you can take too much of it. Although Moore's unflinching courage won the admiration of the lookers-on it failed to secure him the victory; for in the ninth round the end came with an effective punch on the jaw, and Moore failing to respond in the allotted time, the verdict was given to Driscoll.

* * *

The Coffee Cooler, having demolished all comers, is now, like Alexander, seeking fresh worlds to conquer. Like the astute Charley Mitchell, he intends to fly at high game, and he has fixed his choice on no less a personage than a brudder black, the renowned Peter Jackson.

It will be remembered that before the advent of the Cooler Johnny O'Brien was thought by many to be big enough for championship honours. O'Brien's easy defeat of the ex-heavy-weight amateur champion Ted White and his desperate encounter with St. John gave his backers some reason for their confidence, but the Welsh champion became a mere plaything in the hands of the then despised coloured man.

But there are other reasons more than those we have above stated why the Cooler should meet Peter Jackson, and those are that their proportions more nearly approximate. A study of the physical measurements given below will show that the Cooler is in the same street with Corbett and Fitzsimmons, and very little below those of Jackson.

PHYSICAL MEASUREMENTS.

FRANK CRAIG, THE COFFEE COOLER.

Age	24 years
Weight	12 stone
Height	5 feet 10½ inches
Neck	15¼ inches
Chest	38½ inches
Expansion	42 inches
Right biceps, normal	12 inches
Right biceps, expanded	14½ inches
Left biceps, normal	11½ inches
Left biceps, expanded	13¾ inches
Right forearm, normal	11½ inches
Right forearm, expanded	11¼ inches
Left forearm, normal	11¼ inches
Left forearm, expanded	11½ inches
Wrist	7¼ inches
Waist	32 inches
Hips	36½ inches
Thigh	22½ inches
Calf	15 inches
Length of left arm, from armpit to tip of fingers	30¼ inches
Length of right arm, from armpit to tip of fingers	30¾ inches

* * *

Professor Mike Donovan, sparring instructor to the New York Athletic Club, writing to Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, coloured middle-weight champion of the world, says: "I am pleased to hear of the success you have scored in England, and trust it will not cause you to get too big ideas. I have always taken a deep interest in you, and from the first time I saw you put up your hands I became convinced you would make your mark in the fistic world. Your improvement has been rapid during the past year, and now that you so easily defeated John O'Brien, I want you to fight Ted Pritchard. You can beat him sure, providing you are in good condition when you enter the ring. There is a lot of money for you in the States, because those who fought shy of you last spring would be only too glad to take you on now. Besides, there is plenty of money for you to give a series of exhibitions. By taking good care of yourself you can dispose of any man in your class, because you are quicker, younger, and much cleverer than any of the others."

* * *

Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, continued his success as a knocker out last week at the Eden Theatre. On November 20 he put down Jack O'Leary in the middle of the second round, after scoring several knock-down blows, and punishing O'Leary severely. Sam Phillips, a 14st man, who boasted of having laid out Lachie Thompson and other Ring celebrities, came forward on November 21 as a candidate in hopes of capturing the purse. The first round was of a scrambling nature, and though Phillips wrestled Craig down twice, he was floored repeatedly. During the second round a blow on the chin served him out thoroughly, and so Craig added another victim to his score. Charley Bannister, of Camden Town, agreed to stand four rounds, but he devoted his entire attention to dropping and crawling about the stage; in fact, he refused to stand his ground long enough to allow Craig to get within hitting distance, and after receiving repeated cautions he was disqualified.

* * *

Sergeant-Major Fowles, of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, is the head and prime mover of all sports—boxing and otherwise—in that battalion, and on Wednesday last, at the gallant sergeant's invitation, we proceeded to sample his show at the Wellington Barracks.

"If only I were young enough, for a soldier I would go."

So runs the words of an old song, and if what we saw of soldiering in the Guards is a criterion, "them's our sentiments." No West-end club room is more replete with solid comfort than that to be seen in the room devoted to the sergeants of the brigade.

Other clubs may be better appointed, but none more comfortable. A splendid billiard table, a first-class piano, all the periodical literature (not excepting The Mirror of Life), and pictures of all kinds crowding its walls, among them being *Vanity Fair's* representation of Mr. B. John Angle as "Jack in the Box."

Trophies won by field and flood decorate the interior of a large glass case. A group of sergeants gathered round the billiard table, another round a huge fire, and some were scattered reading their favourite literature. As many of these commanders of men were little more than out of their teens, youth seemed at the prow and pleasure at the helm, and all was gay and festive.

The boxing-room was so perfect that it almost invited aspirants to fistic honours to jump into the ring for the mere pleasure of having a go; and as for the walls of this gymnasium, so full were they of celebrities in the Fancy line that they covered it up, and the whitewash was seen no longer.

This regiment seems to be the hotbed for champions. Size, quality, and good looks appear to be the attributes of most of the boxing competitors. It will not be the fault of Alec Roberts if he does not turn out from this brigade of Guards not only men capable of holding their own, but capable of meeting any professional aspirant for championship honours.

Our space is too limited to go into details concerning the boxing; suffice it to say that after a splendid contest Leahy won, and won handsomely, the heavy-weight championship; O'Dwyer the middles, and Atkins the light-weights. The Bantam-weight competition, which was postponed to a future date, looks like a walk-over for Drummer Phillips, a namesake of one of the best light-weights ever produced from the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards.

Alec Roberts, the boxing instructor, appears to be the especial pet and protégé of Sergeant-Major Fowles—no doubt he is deserving of that honour.

* * *

The frost of last Monday week at the Central Hall, Holborn, was redeemed by the enormous crowd which thronged the interior of the show on Thursday. If there was a lack of racing men owing to the Manchester Meeting, we should think Petticoat Lane was well represented, for the "Yidden" seemed to occupy all the front seats.

The "Onion Merchant," Joe Cohen, was well to the fore. It was with no little pride that, after a brief confab with "Bob" Watson, he marched on to the platform and took his place as one of the judges. Not that much judging was required, for most of the contests were very one-sided.

The match between Jack Heasman and Harry Callam we consider a gross exhibition of cowardice on the part of Heasman. After battering Callam's face until it was scarcely recognisable, Harry managed to knock Jack down. It was not a knock-out, and instead of making the best of the ring until he had recovered, Heasman held out his hand when he had his man almost blind.

The match between Ashwick and Causer was the downfall of great expectations. It was the mountain that gave forth the proverbial mouse. After Mr. Frank Hinde, who dearly loves the sound of his own voice, had introduced the men as heroes, the seconds as angels, and the old wheeze had been gone over of "True British pluck! Honour and glory of old England, &c.," and a programme given for the Saturday's entertainment, the show was about to commence, when it was found that the gloves were not to hand.

While the time was being spent fetching the missing gloves the supporters of the men were doing their best to get a bit out on their choice. The big haddock curer, who is the head and front in the excitement of these meetings, was as usual to the fore, and so were several more.

The Blue Anchor was well represented in the person of Jack McFarlane and the man who bosses the show. We suppose Causer (who is not unlike Dave Burke) hails from the East; hence the presence of the two wise men.

It was seen at once in the opening round that there was only one in this twenty-round contest, and that was not Ashwick. In the second round it was brought to a termination, and thus ended the great feature of Thursday night's show.

* * *

"I have," said Frank Hinde, when he made a recent peroration, "sent round the world for the best available fistic talent, and I mean to get them." We hope he may. If he does not get foreign fistic talent, he evidently will have foreign support, for has not the irrepressible Fox come forward with the offer of a medal to be given to the winner of a competition to be decided in Cattle Show week.

* * *

The boss of the Blue Anchor may be a very good judge; but we don't fancy Causer is in the same class as Spurden. The Bard and Minting were equine champions with Ormonde out of the running, and we think as it is with horses, so also it is with men.

* * *

We are sorry to record the death of Billy Brand, who was runner-up to Dick Roberts in the boxing competition promoted by Billy Madden when he fell out with Sullivan, and which resulted in Charley Mitchell being selected as the British boxing champion to beard the then mighty slogger.

* * *

Poor Billy, like many another good boxer, fell into bad company. At the first meeting of the Music Hall Athletic Show, which was held at Tufnell Park, Billy took wot wasn't his'n, and being cotched, was sent to prison. In fact, Billy never held his head up after his "drag."

* * *

Poor Sergeant Green, the best boxing instructor extant, has fallen upon evil times to such an extent that "Uncle" is at the present time minding most of his hardly won prizes. Green is by trade a sawyer, and a "top" sawyer, but, as he says, things are not as they used to be. When there are so many blatant impostors abroad we are always pleased to advertise a good man. Green has brought to the front White, the ex-amateur heavy-weight champion, Mitchell, of Cardiff, and that best of light-weight champions (among others), Willie Smith.

* * *

This last-named champion was introduced to Green a poor friendless boy. Green saw him shape, liked him, became responsible for his "pannum," interviewed Ben Hyams (Uncle Ben), and placed Willie Smith in his first competitio.

* * *

Two hundred pounds' worth of timber are said to be used in the ceiling, staging, and general arrangement of the Central Hall. Frank Hinde does not lay out £200 for nothing.

* * *

Nearly a score of detectives are said to be placed on the doors of the Central in order to "spot" wrong 'uns. We noticed plenty, and in the stage seats, too.

* * *

It is funny to notice these fleeting sporting friendships. Some time since Mr. Frank Hinde was Slavin's first backer and friend. He was his best man when he married Miss Edith Slater, of the Rock Hotel, Margate, and now—why, the bar is up at the Central.

* * *

There is a great similarity between Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, and old Jem Mace, the last of England's ring champions, and it is this—they are both musicians and dancers. Jem Mace plays the fiddle, and can dance a jig or cellar flap, and the Cooler plays the mouth organ and does a good old plantation dance.

A FIFTEEN-ROUND contest between Hiram Cutler, of Birmingham, and J. Brown, of Walsall, was the principal event at the Manchester Gymnastic Club, Manchester, November 23. They were to decide the ownership of £55, and each restricted to 7st 12lb in weight. Both stripped in excellent condition. Butler was seconded by Anthony Diamond and Jem Burchell, whilst Bobby Clarke and Wilkes attended to Brown. The first three rounds were contested with little advantage to either. In Round 4 Brown seemed over anxious, but he was steadied by a flush hit in the face. A foul was twice claimed by Cutler's seconds, but the referee did not stop them. In the succeeding rounds he did best, and in the ninth he took a decided lead. Twice in succession he landed on Brown's dial without return and left off with a good advantage. Brown continued to go about his work in a dogged fashion, and kept Cutler constantly on the move. He landed several blows on Cutler's mouth, and caused blood to flow freely. Cutler made a gallant effort, but he was too weak to withstand his opponent's vigorous onslaught, and at the end of the fifteenth round Brown was returned the winner. In a ten-round bout between J. Mosedale, of Bury, and T. Povey, of Openshaw, the last-named stopped Mosedale in the third round.

* * *

BOXING has become more popular, and employers are more reconciled to the sport now than they were some six or seven years since. It is on record that when "Ted" Croysdill presented himself at the bank where he was employed on the morning after receiving a severe hammering in trying to secure a German Gym. championship, his employers objected to a bad black eye, and intimated that "Ted" must either give up boxing or the bank.

Reading the other day that Edward Croysdill, a banking manager, was charged with embezzlement, it reminded us of this incident. We hope this is not our old friend "Ted" the boxer. The wrong *box* if it is.

* * *

"CHARLIE, yer might spare a trifle towards poor Jem Dillon's funeral," exclaimed one of the fraternity when trying to "*tap*" the "Dook's Motter." "No, I'm d——d if I do," exclaimed Charley. "Why, that man broke my jaw at Ascot some years ago because he said I had a bit of his pitch."

Would a prominent bookie have the moral courage to resist the "*tap*" for a *live* bruiser? We think not.

* * *

POOR Con Riordan, recently killed by Fitzsimmons in a sparring bout, was a very poor class boxer, or Jack Slavin would never have beaten him so easily at the Ormonde Club. Sparring partners, however, are very seldom chosen for their fistic ability—they spar to order.

* * *

"AH! we've lost our best playmate," raising his eyes and his hands heavenwards, said old Jack Baldock when we met him the other day and enquired how the game was going. "Guv'nor, you may believe me or believe me not, but since the Squire's death I haven't had a jump or a shout in me. Why, I don't feel fit to second a cat." And yet there are people who say the Squire died unregretted.

Ask the "boys" who wanted a silver grill and a cinder fire for their steaks and chops, and who are now satisfied if they can grease their chins with a bloater, if they regret the Squire. We fancy we hear the merry crowd exclaim, "Rather!"

* * *

BARNEY SHEPPARD and his wand of office are one of the sights of Frank Hinde's show at the Central Hall. It won't do to call him Barney now, it's Mr. Sheppard. Barney won't allow any sanguinary familiarities while these contests are on.

* * *

THE old scrappers brigade are strongly in evidence, and they are reinforced by the Lambeth Banditti. "He might a' given us a bit more for Saturday," we heard one old scrapper who kept the gate exclaim. "I don't think he hurt hisself by giving us a crown for such a push as it was on Saturday." "And so say all of us."

* * *

POOR old Bat Mullins looked a bit out of his element. "Tickets, please!" was rather out of his line. "The toffs of other days are faded and all my glory past." Thus mused Bat as he let the new school of boxing patrons through the wicket.

* * *

TED CAIN, of Birmingham, and Pat Daley, of New York, were to be seen on Wednesday evening last in the vicinity of the Eden Theatre hurrying off to make a match at 9st 10lb. We don't think Cain is *libel* to get down to this weight. Perhaps there is a lamb to be *cut* up.

* * *

PONY MOORE, in conjunction with his son-in-law, Charley Mitchell, occupied a box at the Eden Theatre one evening last week, Charley's object being, no doubt, to see how the Cooler shaped. Mitchell appeared but a wreck of his former self—such is the difference between winning and losing.

Charley is undoubtedly in the possession of quids galore, but fame was as the breath to his nostrils, and we question whether Charley would not rather have been hailed as the conqueror of Corbett than have all the riches of the "Silver King."

* * *

JOE WALCOTT, the black who has repeatedly challenged the world at 10st, is about to be matched to fight Fred Morris, the Cyclone, a clever coloured middle-weight. The battle will be at catch-weight, and probably occur in the State of Virginia in January.

* * *

PHIL DWYER, the American turf man, has repudiated all connections with James J. Corbett, either as a backer or a stakeholder, in the match with Bob Fitzsimmons. Phil declares that he has no wish to couple his name with that of a pugilist hereafter.

* * *

TOM WILLIAMS, the Australian, contemplates visiting the States in hopes of securing a fight with some of the 10st division for a purse.

* * *

STANTON ABBOTT proposes to return here shortly on a pleasure trip, being in rather poor health, and unable to secure a match for a suitable purse.

* * *

ALEC GREGGAINS, the Californian middle-weight, has backing to fight any 11st 4lb man in the United States to a finish, and expresses a preference for Dan Creedon.

* * *

JOE BUTLER, the Philadelphia heavy-weight, who was knocked out by Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, has been matched to fight Dan Creedon fifteen rounds at the Buffalo Athletic Club the middle of December for a purse given by Billy Madden.

* * *

JACK SMART and Jim Gillespie, light-weights, fought to a finish in Belfast, November 19, for £25 a-side. In the first round Gillespie forced the fighting, and had much the best of the contest at the end of the round. The second round commenced amid great excitement, and after a regular slogging match, during which Smart was several times knocked down, the referee stopped the fight owing to the interference of the spectators. Corporal Macklin, who acted as referee, next day awarded the fight to Gillespie.

* * *

EDWIN POPJOY, better known as Pop, called at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office, November 26, and requested us to state that he will promote a series of contests at the Goodwin Gymnasium, Kingsland Road, Monday, December 3. Among those to appear include Toff Wall v. Dido Plumb, Jack Fitzgibbons v. Darkey Berwick, Alf Sparrow v. Sid Phillips, George Johnson (of Walworth) v. Sam Swainsbury, Jim Knowles v. Dave Gough.

Pop will have the competition for the 9st Championship Challenge Cup, given by Julius Simon, decided in the early part of January. Those who wish to contend for the handsome cup should enter at once with Pop, who, in addition to the prize, will give £15 in cash.

* * *

TOM WILLIAMS and Tom Burrows, the Australians, appeared at the Britannia Music Hall, Glasgow, last week.

* * *

A LETTER has been received from Billy Delaney, who is at present suffering from rheumatism. In it, among other items, he mentions that when Jackson refused to fight in the South, Corbett offered to fight him in the North and give him the choice of stakeholder and referee; but all was of no use. Corbett could not fix the black fellow.

"Why don't you leave me alone?" exclaimed Black Peter; and Delaney goes on to say that he has no doubt Fitzsimmons means fighting, but he is sure such is not the case with Peter Jackson.

* * *

JEM SMITH, who lads the lean earth at 20st, met his old opponent Slavin on Wednesday evening at the "Cri." Of course, when Kelson's meet, fight is the conversation. Smith was not afraid, and Slavin thought the "boozers" he had kept had been training good enough to give Smith a second beating. The upshot of it was that Mr. "Jolly" Ross deposited an I O U for £100 for Smith, and Slavin wrote *his own cheque* for that amount.

* * *

LUNCHING on Thursday with Mr. "Jolly" Ross, at Hummum's Hotel, Covent Garden, we found that the evening's amusement had brought the morning's reflection; and the jolly one was very anxious to repossess himself of his I O U. Modern pugilists go for honour and not cutting up, or else we should cry out, "Any lambs to sell?"

* * *

IN the club raid in the City on Wednesday was captured and held to bail at first in £100 the brother of one of the greatest Turf celebrities on record, old Mike Goodman. Those who have followed Turf history will remember Levi Goodman, the owner of Running Rein, who won the Derby in the forties.

* * *

IT was Lord George Bentinck who detected the conspiracy to ring in a four-year-old in a three-year-old race. Running Rein's age was never satisfactorily ascertained, for the conspirators, fearing detection through the horse's molars, cut the horse's head off and buried it.

* * *

AT the Bermondsey School of Arms, November 17, Ted May stopped Joe Wright in two rounds, while Alf Cooper was content with facing Deaf Cooper for four rounds.

* * *

ALL who respect honest boxers can have little sympathy for the "cross" given to Charley Gehring, of Baltimore, by Stanton Abbott in their recent contest. Gehring's supporters complain of Abbott's meanness in taking advantage of the ex-amateur after agreeing that there should be no knock-out, owing to the Englishman being out of condition; but evidently Abbott was emulating the Baltimorean in breaking agreements.

* * *

ACCORDING to a telegram from New York City, Jack McAuliffe and Owen Zeigler fought with small gloves for a purse on November 19 at Coney Island. The fight resolved itself into a fierce struggle of the hurricane order, and in view of the tragic result of the spar between Fitzsimmons and Riordan recently the police interfered, and stopped the fight in the third round. The referee then declared it to be a draw.

* * *

WE wish to acknowledge the receipt of twenty shillings from Mr. Sam Thomas, of Pontypridd, which represents ten shillings a-side as first deposit in a match which has been arranged between Thomas Israel and William Marsh, who are to box with four-ounce gloves for £10 a-side, open to £20 a-side. THE MIRROR OF LIFE has been selected to officiate as final stakeholder, and the men are to mutually agree upon a time and place of contest.

* * *

TED WHITE gave his patrons a good entertainment at the Camden Gymnasium, Walthamstow, November 17. Jim Turner, of Hackney, held the master hand over George Newman, of Walthamstow, in eight rounds, and in a ten-round bout Steve Merry, of Hackney, was out-fought by Jack Osborn, of Walthamstow.

* * *

G. ROFFE, of Clerkenwell, defeated G. Westley in the final bout of a 7st 6lb competition at the Central Baths, Clerkenwell, November 19.

* * *

H. MUNRO, of Hackney, wants a match with Ted Beach, of Wood Green, for £100 a-side, and failing to get on with Beach he stands prepared to take on any lad in England at 6st 6lb for £100 or £200 a-side.

* * *

PEDLAR PALMER was the recipient of a benefit at Plastow, November 21. In a 9st competition Bill England disposed of Jerry Donoghue in the final round. Dick Pepper and Tom Smith, Canning Town lads, were to go through ten rounds, but Smith was peppered so hard for two rounds that he hoisted a signal of distress.

* * *

A BOXING entertainment will be given at the rooms of the Checkered Boxing Club, Liverpool, Monday, December 3, when George Carney will contest eight rounds, at 10st 6lb, with an unknown for £10. Harry Brown, the Black, and Jack Green, of New York, are to spar six rounds on the same night.

* * *

THE coroner's inquest held at Syracuse, New York, November 23, concerning the death of Con Riordan, the pugilist, who died after a sparring match with Fitzsimmons, has terminated. The jury brought in a verdict exonerating Fitzsimmons from blame, although they placed on record their opinion that his blow caused the death of Riordan.

* * *

BILLY PLIMMER expresses a willingness to come here and fight George Corfield at 7st 12lb, for £200 a-side. The Bolingbroke Club has guaranteed a purse of £300, and will allow Billy £50 for expenses. Plimmer has accepted, and is prepared to have the match decided at any time in January.

* * *

BILL LANGFORD is open to box any lad in the world at 6st 10lb for £200 a-side and the best purse offered, Jack Maloney preferred. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be promptly attended to.

* * *

AFTER the Lord Mayor's Show of Thursday at the Central Hall no one was prepared for the "dust cart" of Saturday. The programme sellers and the men in office constituted the bulk of the spectators in the front seats, and the crowd being in inverse proportion to the body of the hall, we missed the lack of animal heat, and shivered accordingly.

* * *

BOXING is a sport which, although dallied with occasionally by the wealthy and the proud, has been, is, and always will be, the sport of the people. This was to be seen by the collection of bobites in the gallery, who gathered up aloft in abundance, and by comparison made the body of the hall look bare.

BUT why should we complain? Mrs. Hinde, who looked rosy and jolly, like the famous queen in the nursery rhyme, sitting in the counting-house counting out the money, well guarded by the trusty "Tubby," threw cold water on our attempt to condole with her on the thin attendance, and remarked that she, Franky, and the rest of the confederacy were very well satisfied—and we have no doubt they are.

* * *

WHEN Messrs. Levi, Jacobs, Abrahams, Moses, Solomon and Co. cannot pass in on their faces or on an order they like to spend their money with caution, and this was exemplified on Saturday evening last.

* * *

HAVING ascertained that the hall was not placarded on the outside with "Standing room only," the five and ten bobbers of the previous Thursday saved a bit, and the diamonds which had been so conspicuously worn by the "laners" in the front of the boxing stage at the previous show shed their brilliancy among the two bob crowd at the back.

* * *

OH the times, oh the manners! The Jacks and Toms of long ago are the Berties, Harolds, and Horaces of to-day. Thus in the first contest Bert Smith, of Edmonton, met Bert Manners, of Deptford. Now as the Edmonton lad was at least half a stone heavier than the lad from Deptford, we were not surprised to see the lighter lad when not backed up by extra cleverness cry a go in the sixth round of an eight-round contest, and Bert Smith, who is not used to winning, jump off the stage like a conquering hero.

* * *

ANYTHING more farcical than the meeting between Alf Holden, of Peckham, and Alf Holmes, of Clapton, it is impossible to conceive. Without the slightest knowledge of the rudiments of boxing, their very ignorance set the house in a roar. Over and over again during the bout was the reporters' table in danger, and more ink likely to be spilled through them than on the mighty Slavin, who, by the by, entered the house at this moment in his usual sober manner, and lifted his hat to the plaudits of the crowd. The Peckham Alfred at last, by simple force of twisting and turning, eventually overcame the Alfred from Clapham. Then Alfred the Great having magnanimously shaken hands with Alfred the Less, they retired and pave the way for the appearance of Pat Daley, of New York, and Maurice Phillips, of Mile End.

* * *

READER, hast thou seen the picture of the posture of the immortal Humphries in his fight with the Jewish champion, Mendoza? Such was the attitude of Daley, but the similarity ended at the attitude. It was well for Daley that Phillips was not a Mendoza, although a Jew. In a lower depth there is a deeper still, and Maurice's class was a long way below Pat's.

* * *

OVER and over again would the poor Jew boy have held out his hand in token of subjection had he not been urged on to continue an uneven battle by some of his co-religionists. But even endurance has its limits, and the American eagle, as represented by Daley, brought matters to a climax in the sixth round, and the poor Britisher Phillips held out his hand as a token of defeat.

* * *

WE used to be very good at unearthing champions, and we think we have found one in the person of Ted Ware, of Mile End. A carman by trade, he is almost as muscular as Bill Reader without being so shoulder tied. He does not shape like a tradesman at present, but we have no doubt Ted will shortly bid for high honours.

* * *

ANOTHER of the Smith family, Steve, of Wood Green, is a remarkably shapely lad; but when he met Ware a yard or so of flannel round his throat showed a weak spot; this in addition to a faulty shoe did not improve matters, and although Steve did all he knew for the honour of Wood Green, he was not in it with the Mile End lad, who avenged the downfall of his "towny" Phillips, and won in less than three rounds.

(*Continued on page* 14.)

BELSIZE BOXING CLUB.

EYRE ARMS, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL DISPLAY.

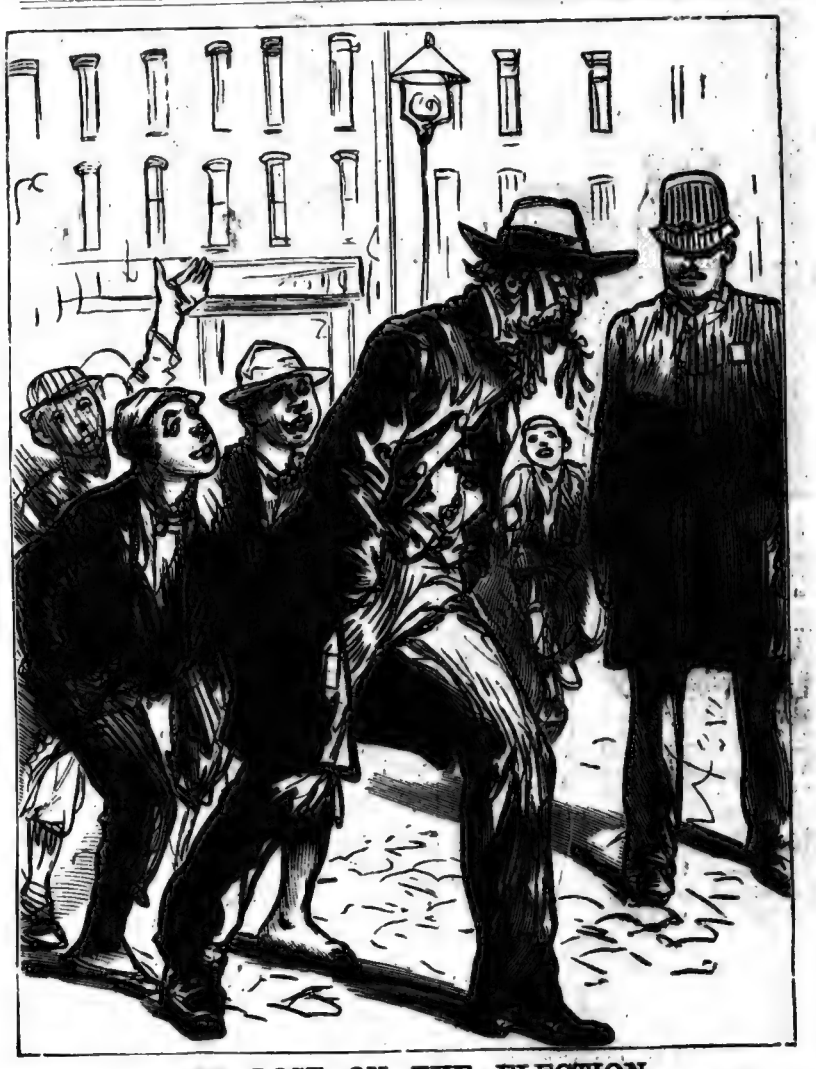
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1894.

Club Swinging by members of the Orion Gymnastic Club, Bayonet Exercise and Physical Drill by a Squad of the 1st Batt. Grenadier Guards, Fencing and Singlesticks by members of the Artists R.V. and Medalists.

Boxing: Messrs. J. Steers, H. King, W. Sykes, W. Campbell, R. K. Gunn, T. F. Davidson, W. J. King, V. Barker, L. Barnard, H. G. Cousins, T. Bishop, T. G. Walker, W. G. Ross, F. Barker, E. M. Dickson, F. S. B. Hollis, S. Hart, A. E. Bishop, and others. Professors Tom Williams (Australia), Tom Burrows (Australia), E. White, A. Bowman, Alec Roberts, Jim Brock, W. Meddings, Jim Goode, Pat Condon, T. Walker, Harry Spurden, W. Robinson (Cock Robin), Ted Mortimer, Tom Custon, Dick Moore (America), Jerry Driscoll (Champion of British Navy), Frank Craig (the "Coffee Cooler"), and others.

FULL MILITARY BAND.

Doors open at 7.30, to commence at 8 p.m. Numbered Reserved Seats (first row round the platform and on stage at end of Hall), 10s.; Numbered Reserved Seats, 5s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s. 6d. May be obtained of the Hon. Sec., JAS. E. DEWHURST, 1, Portland Terrace, N.W., and at the doors.

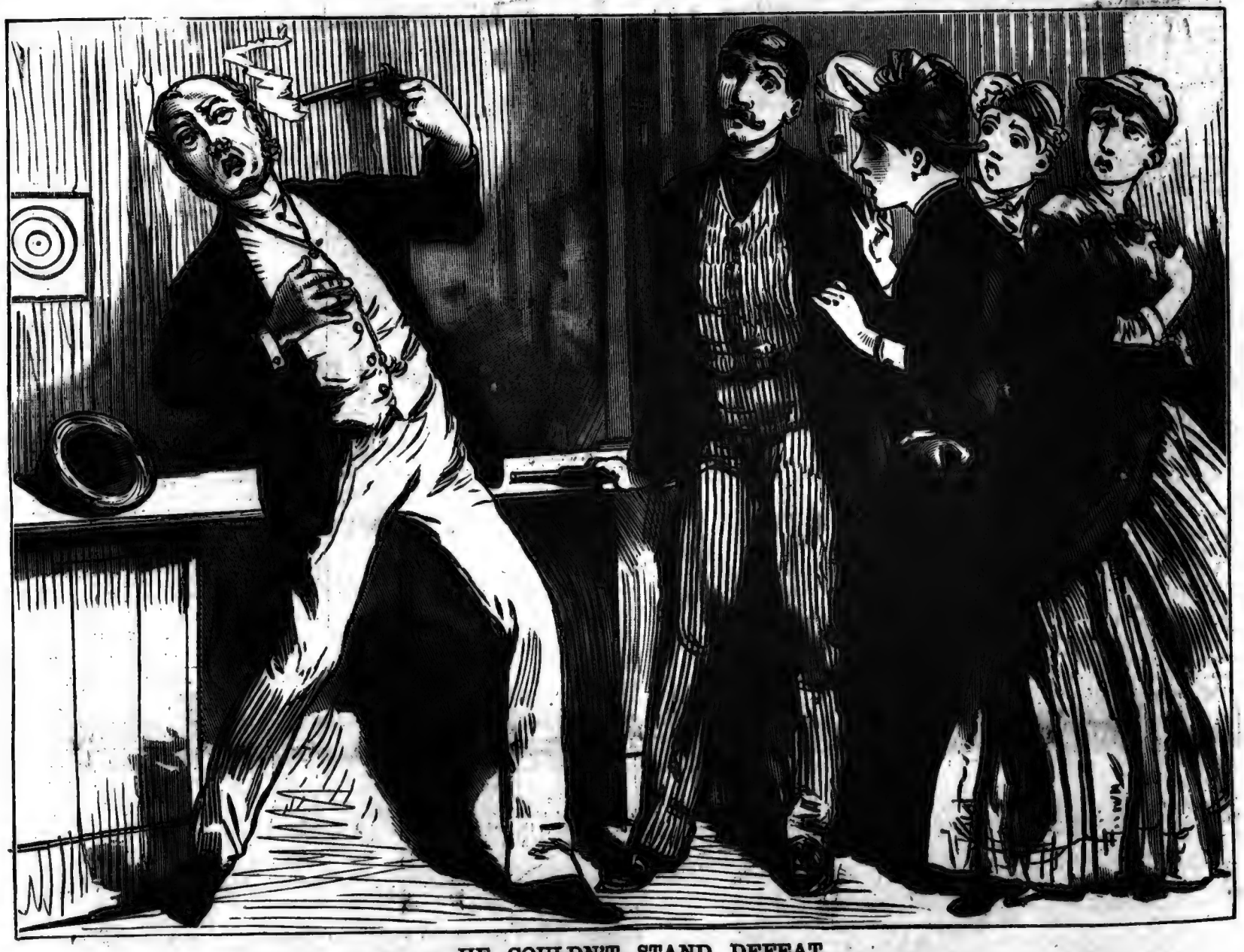


HE LOST ON THE ELECTION.

A Tammany Enthusiast is Compelled to Figure as a Laughing-stock Because He Lost.

SHE WAS WELL TARRED.

A Siren Severely Treated by an Enraged Wife and Her Sympathisers.



HE COULDN'T STAND DEFEAT.

A Rival at a Shooting Gallery, on Being Defeated, Attempts to Take His Life.

OVERCOME BY DISAPPOINTMENT.

Sad Ending of a Young Society Lady's Career in Brompton.

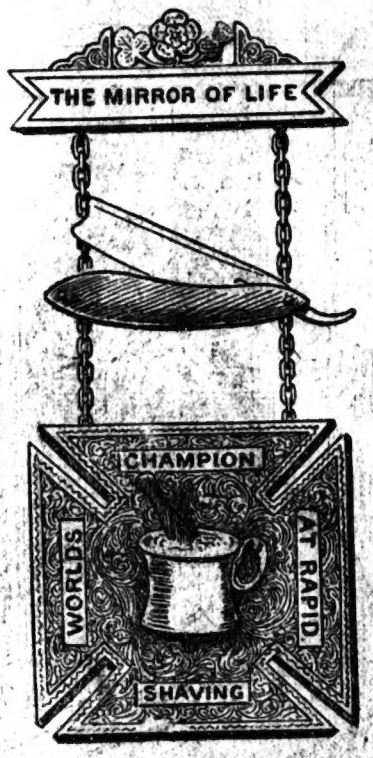
A DOG AS A WINDOW MOP.

In the Absence of a Cloth a Charwoman Finds a Poodle Dog Excellent for Cleansing Windows.

DEALT FARO BANK IN HIS CELL.

An Inveterate Gambler, whilst Lodged in Gaol, Deals for Friends and Gets their Valuables.

THE SHAVING COMPETITION.



THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

R. G. Hardie the Champion.

A Close Fight for Remaining Positions.

Full Times.

THE final round for the world's championship at rapid shaving was brought to a successful conclusion at the Hall of Science, St. Luke's, on Thursday, Nov. 22. It must be remembered that early in the year negotiations had been on foot between the rival tonsorial artists for a meeting in which they could decide their superiority for championship honours. THE MIRROR OF LIFE came to their assistance, and offered a valuable trophy for competition among them, and Messrs. J. Rymer, J. Gorman, T. Steele, E. R. Hardie, and R. G. Hardie resolved to try conclusions for this handsome gold medal, which was offered to the world in a shaving tournament which has been duly carried out during the present month in the four quarters of London. The first encounter was at the Beaumont Hall, Mile End; on the second occasion the Masonic Hall, Camberwell, saw the brothers of the blade opposing. The Victoria Hall, Bayswater, was the next scene of their encounter, and a fitting finish terminated the contest at the Hall of Science, St. Luke's. On each of these occasions R. G. Hardie, of Notting Hill, succeeded in gaining some advantage of time in doing his work, leaving off in his first essay fully ten seconds ahead of the next competitor, which he not only maintained, but succeeded in converting the seconds into minutes in the later competitions, and left off an easy winner. R. G. Hardie—or Bob, as he is more familiarly known by his many friends—was early installed a favourite, and not without reason, for a taste of his ability was given when he, some time ago, met and defeated Ross, of King's Cross, for a purse and title of champion. At exhibition shaving he is an adept with a garden-knife, table-knife, pen-knife, or blindfolded; the work of shaving is easily accomplished under what appears to be extraordinary circumstances, for, with eyes tightly bandaged, he with ordinary methods shaved his subject in 10sec, to the delight of the audience who witnessed the feat. Throughout the contest he has depended upon "The Keen," a razor manufactured by Butler, of Sheffield, which has done no little towards his success, and he is certainly to be congratulated for selecting so trusty a blade.

E. R. Hardie has worked his way from one end to the other, and would, under other conditions, run the winner much closer than he has done on the present occasion. For steady, clean, and careful shaving he has no equal, or few approach so near perfection in the art, for he passes through this contest as highly commended. J. Rymer, who recently suffered from a severe accident, although disabled with an injured arm, has proved beyond doubt his efficiency, and his third position under this disadvantage speaks well for his ability. The friends of J. Gorman who were present were highly pleased with the manner in which he acquitted himself. His work denotes the able artist he has shown himself to be when opposed to the highest ability. Thomas Steele's illness at the eleventh hour incapacitated him from taking further part in this interesting struggle, which is to be regretted, for his opponents agree in awarding him the praise due to his accomplished style when at work. Maurice Cohen and Peter Moss, the Continental champion, retired from the fray when they found it beyond their powers to accomplish anything like time when opposed to these champions, whose position and times will be found as under for the sixth contest of the tournament:—

Name	m	s		m	s		m	s
R. G. Hardie	5	3	...	2	59	1-5	... 1	56 1-5
E. R. Hardie	7	37	...	3	22	2-5	... 2	21
J. Rymer	6	54	...	3	33	3-5	... 2	50
J. Gorman	9	1	...	3	36	1-5	... 2	33 2-5
T. Steele	5	30	...	3	45		... 3	5

Name	m	s		m	s		m	s
R. G. Hardie	1	30	3-5	... 1	15	2-5	... 1	29
E. R. Hardie	2	3		... 2	0	2-5	... 1	30
J. Rymer	2	0	2-5	... 2	15		... 1	50
J. Gorman	2	3	2-5	... 2	0	3-5	... 1	50 4-5
T. Steele	2	40	1-5	... 3	5		... retired.	

MAURICE COHEN, of Hanbury Street, Spitalfields, being dissatisfied with the result of the late competition for THE MIRROR OF LIFE shaving trophy, would like to meet the winner, R. G. Hardie, of Notting Hill Gate, on the following terms—viz., as many men as may be agreed upon, each man to be shaved twice over, and to be thoroughly clean. The first contestant who cuts the skin to lose the match. Mr. Hardie may choose his own men and Mr. Cohen will do the same. The match to take place in any neighbourhood to be agreed upon away from the contestants' places of business.

BILL HULLETT.

A Clever Lad who Aspires to Reach the Front Ranks of Pugilism in His Class.

(With Portrait.)

THE subject of this notice was born on November 25, 1874. Like White, Westley, Overton, Spurden, A. J. Newton, and a host of others too numerous to mention, Bill, at the age of sixteen, started the game of boxing as an amateur, but finding a professional life more money-making he soon gave the amateur brigade the go-by, and turned pro. Space will not allow us to give a record of all Bill's deeds of "derring-do," but among many good men and true he has lost and won with the following, among many others: Tom Leary, Tom Roffe, Tom Rutt, Nobby Proctor, Jack Nixon, Bill Jones, Ernest Pickard, Albert Gould, and Ted Gorrie. Bill is now prepared to box any lad in England with small gloves at 7st 4lb.

SHE WAS WELL TARRED.

A Siren Severely Treated by an Enraged Wife and her Sympathisers.

(Subject of Illustration.)

RUMOUR has it that some startling and sensational news will shortly be ventilated in the Liverpool Divorce Court. It appears a man of good business standing has for some time been leading a dual life, his paramour being a sixteen-year-old dame of attractive appearance with a handsome head of golden hair. Upon the guilty man's wife gleaning the desired information she enlisted the sympathy of several male friends, and recently she banded them together and made a raid on the guilty couple. The marauding party, which was composed of men, were dressed in female attire, and held the gay Lothario at bay whilst the wronged wife deluged the siren with a bucket of tar, ruining her beautiful tresses.

FOOLED THE OLD 'UN.

A Clever Young Man Shields His Sweetheart From Her Father.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A YOUNG lady residing in the south-eastern district of London has a stern parent who objects to her keeping company with any of the male sex. She had several clandestine meetings with the man of her choice, and when her father became suspicious of the fact he placed her under surveillance. Fortune favoured him the other day, when he espied his daughter and her admirer entering a lounge in the saloon bar of a well-known pub. He rushed in, and just as he was about to capture the couple the young man opened up his umbrella in the old 'un's face, at the same time whispering to the girl to disappear, which she did before the parent could lay hands upon her.

SHE DOTED ON ROOSTERS.

A Damsel who Found Pleasure in Training Roosters as Pets.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A DAMSEL in Kennington has three roosters which she has trained as household pets, and they perform many amusing antics, greatly to the gratification of her friends. They are named Henry, George, and William respectively, and she keeps them neatly decorated. The birds appreciate the adornments, and strut about the house as proud as can be.

ROUND THE RING.

(*Continued from page* 11.)

THE only item of the evening which lasted the advertised number of rounds was that between Greenfield and Tilley, in which the latter received the verdict. Napoleon, so it is said, liked a man with a big nose, so they gave him Wellington. If Greenfield errs in good company like that of Napoleon Buonaparte, and likes a big nose, he cannot grumble at the proboscis of Tilley.

* * *

OF course there are always diversions in a big show. Firstly, the coming champion, Jack Bryan, of Drury Lane, finding himself by accident in the pound seats on the stage, was quickly ousted out by order of Commander Barney Sheppard, and the present Drury Lane champion is the man who did the deed.

* * *

NEXT a variation was caused by the winners and runners-up of last week's competitions being called upon the stage to receive gold and silver medals, and what the bold boxers must have valued still more, a shake hands from Frank Hinde; and lastly, there was the referee's big collie dog, which sat under the referee's table peeping out of the red cloth, and, no doubt, wondering what all the bother was about.

* * *

MR. J. DOYLE, writing from Dublin respecting the recent Denny-Scully glove contest, says: "I desire to contradict many of the false statements which have been made regarding the Scully-Denny glove fight which occurred at the Antient Assembly Rooms recently. Denny claims to fight at 9st 4lb, but he weighed very much above that when he faced Scully, who was down to 11st. The match was advertised for twenty rounds or more, which practically meant a finish, but the referee stopped it at the end of twenty rounds and decided in favour of Denny, much to the surprise of everybody. Scully wanted to make a match for £100 a-side, but Denny vanished from view, and Scully at once repaired to the *Independent* office to issue a challenge for any part of £500. Denny, instead of accepting, left for Australia. Though Denny behaved well the Dublin man could have stopped him in the fourth round had he been more aggressive in his tactics. Scully is a good man, and deserves more credit than he received in his recent encounter."

* * *

THOMAS DEVLIN, a Philadelphia, U.S.A., pugilist, is located at Frizington, where he is shortly to take a benefit. Devlin, though born in this country, lived for many years in America, where he gained quite a reputation as a clever 9st pugilist. He came here last July, and, being unable to procure a customer, he took up his residence at Frizington, where he organised a boxing school. He has boxed with Stanton Abbott, Billy Smith, and other prominent pugilists in the States, and showed to good advantage. Providing a responsible club will offer a purse, Devlin will fight any man in England at from 9st to 9st 4lb, the winner to take all. He has letters from several prominent sporting journalists in the States, who speak of Devlin as an exceedingly clever man at his weight, a first-class instructor of sparring, and well worthy of attention from those who are in search of a good 9st pugilist.

* * *

PETER MAHER, the Irish Giant, has not found the stage a profitable business in the States, and now seeks a fight with some of the big 'uns to recoup his finances. He has issued a challenge to fight Peter Jackson, Frank Slavin, or any of the heavy-weights for 5,000dols a-side and the National Sporting Club purse.

* * *

A GERMAN Athletic Association has been organised at Boise City, Iowa, for the purpose of inducing James J. Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons to fight in that city. The president of the club has notified the men that he will give 60,000 dollars guaranteed for a purse, and allow training expenses to the amount of 3,000 dollars.

* * * *

FRANK P. SLAVIN leaves London for South Africa, December 8, for the express purpose of giving a series of exhibitions in that country. His first stand will be at Cape Town, and from there he proceeds up to Matabeleland. The length of his stay will depend upon the success of his shows.

A FIRST AND LAST EXPERIENCE AS A 'BUS DRIVER.

THE "Favorite" line of omnibuses are among the oldest in the metropolis, and Jack Willis was the oldest 'bus driver on the road. Like the last of Nelson's Agamemnons, or the "Last of the Mohicans," Jack was a distinct type of his species. He was the last of the coachees who wore the blue coats and brass buttons of Mr. Wilson, a private proprietor, whose 'buses were driven from "Wilson's Yard," Islington, long anterior to the advent of the London General Omnibus Company. The box seat was Jack's throne, the whip his sceptre, and the horses his subjects.

"Take me hoff 'ere and wot ham I?" Jack used often to remark to some congenial "near" or "off-side," "I could get any day five hundred golden suv'rins to start me in business; but, Lord bless yer, take the ribbons out o' my 'ands and I should be as helpless as a blind man without his dawg. No, no; old Jack will die in harness."

So Jack Willis stuck to his box seat with a persistency which ought to have defied the weather vagaries of this tight little island—but it didn't. It was a fight in which Jack, although always coming up smiling, got decidedly the worst of the combat, and as time went on his resistance became more feeble, his breath shorter, and his "Get up!" and "Gee woah," less emphatic.

One cold and foggy evening, at the latter end of the year 1890 (a year long to be remembered for the density of its fogs), the writer hailed the shadowy outline of a "Favorite" omnibus near the old Abbey at Westminster, and found that he was the only "outside," and that Jack Willis was the driver. "Good gracious, Jack!" he exclaimed, "how is it you are driving in such inclement weather?"

"I ought o' got off on the last journey, sir," said the old man, huskily, "but I did not think the fog would get such a hold on me. I shall rest when I get to the end o' this journey."

Poor old Jack! He arrived at his journey's end, and rested sooner than he expected. His breathing, always bad, became more and more affected by the fog, until at last, not hearing Jack's voice, I looked attentively at him and found him slowly suffocating from the effects of the fog. The reins had dropped from his nerveless hands, and the horses, instinctively feeling that something was amiss, had come to a full stop. We were now at the Coach and Horses at the corner of Myddleton Street and St. John Street Road, where some brandy was procured, which the writer tried to force down poor Jack's throat. It was of no use, the fog had claimed another victim, and the old 'busman had taken his last journey, and died, as he had prognosticated, in harness. The conductor was so prostrate at the death of his old chum and driver that he was incapable of any exertion. The 'bus was eventually cleared of its passengers, and the writer drove the remains of poor old Jack to the "yard," and thus ended a first and last experience as a 'bus driver.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

IT is not of the slightest use for Americans to pretend that they don't look upon the old country as the home of an almost ideally perfect race. For what does the average traveller from across the Atlantic do as soon as he has reached London? He has such absolute confidence that every person he sees around him is a kind of saint in disguise that he at once gives all his available cash into the keeping of some total stranger. This is what a young American student of medicine, named Harold Baldwin Hay, thought fit to do when he arrived on our shores, and it is tolerably certain that had he remained in New York he would never have yielded so tamely to the wiles of the "confidence trick" gentry. But being in London, the city of honest folk, he gets into talk with a plausible stranger, is introduced by him at a West-end restaurant to a supposed "Irish gentleman from Dublin" who had just won a law suit, and who was anxious to distribute some of his winnings among selected American charities, and finally is induced to put £60 into a wallet and allow his new-made friends to walk away, just to show his complete faith in them. His wallet is returned to him empty by post, and his next sight of the plausible stranger was when the latter was brought up at the Manchester House on the charge of stealing, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. "I cannot congratulate you on your sharpness," quoth the presiding Alderman; but these cases are really interesting as showing the very high opinion which the travelling American has somehow conceived of the spotless integrity of every soul among the five millions of Londoners.

A DOG AS A WINDOW MOP.

In the absence of a Cloth a Charwoman Finds a Poodle Dog Excellent for Cleaning Windows.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A DUBLIN publican was somewhat surprised the other morning when he perceived the charwoman making use of a pet poodle dog as a mop to wash down the windows. He expostulated, but Bridget exclaimed: "Shure, sor, it's claning the windows and washing the dog at the same time, I'm doing."

HE LOST ON THE ELECTION.

A Tammany Enthusiast is Compelled to Figure as a Laughing-stock Because He Lost.

(Subject of Illustration.)

To satisfy a wager made on the recent New York election, a well-known business man was compelled to attire as a vagabond and crimp his moustache and hair with paper. Presenting such a ridiculous appearance he was pursued by a large crowd of street urchins when he tramped the length of Broadway.

— That, according to a New York correspondent, Mrs. Kendal is becoming more and more annoyed over America, and some of her interviews in the Western papers indicate that the distinguished English actress has reached a pitch of dissatisfaction which borders upon the intemperate. It must be said by way of preface that business with the Kendal company in the West has been pretty bad. They seem to be a little bit more particular out there than New Yorkers, and the stamp of English approval has not as much influence in that section of the country as it has in this city. In the "Ironmaster" Mrs. Kendal has been accustomed to play the character of a seventeen-year-old girl with entire immunity in New York, but in San Francisco they were so rude as to insist that she looked more than seventeen years old on the stage, and the audience displayed a tendency to guy her unmercifully. This treatment has been generally followed in other cities, and it has resulted in an expression of Mrs. Kendal's views about the American Press which are of a rather peppery and impolite nature. As long as the Kendals were successful the papers teemed with long interviews, in which she alluded to the beauty of American women, the politeness of American men, and the freedom and sincerity of the Press. But business has been growing steadily bad during the past two seasons, and the revision of Mrs. Kendal's views upon men, women, and newspapers in America are so radical as to suggest the active and important influence which the American dollar has in forming British estimates of things in this country.

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— That a gang of armed desperadoes made a descent upon Shiner, in Texas, and entering a mercantile house in the place, they blew up the safe with dynamite. After securing the sum of 25,000 dollars they made good their escape. The explosion set the premises on fire, and the flames spreading rapidly, destroyed nine business houses before they were extinguished. The damage is estimated at 100,000 dollars.

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— That an exciting scene occurred on Saturday night in a wild beast show at West Hartlepool. A lion-tamer named Martina Bartlett had just completed his performance with a lion, when the animal seized him by the arm when he was quitting the cage, and held him until beaten off by hot irons. Bartlett's head was much mang ed.

* * *

— That Agnes Royce, boarding-house keeper, Upper Bedford Place, London, was charged at Colchester with having attempted to extort £300 from Dr. Worts, a borough magistrate. The solicitor for the prosecution stated that his client was doctor to prisoner's family, living near Colchester. In July she told him she was going to London to earn a living, and at her request he lent her £2 10s., and subsequently larger amounts, out of friendship. Prisoner subsequently falsely accused him of seduction, and threatened exposure. She was evidently not in her right mind. Prisoner's statement in court was that the doctor seduced her and asked her to elope, which she refused, but they arranged to meet frequently. Being threatened with litigation, she pressed prosecutor for £300 on pain of exposure. The magistrate adjourned the case, allowing bail.

* * *

That the action brought by Mr. Hugh J. Didcott, theatrical and music-hall agent, to recover commission for obtaining engagements for the Sisters Tilley at the Pavilion, Oxford, and Tivoli Music Halls, ended November 26. Mr. Justice Collins gave judgment in favour of plaintiff for £9 10s., without costs, defendants admitting their liability to this extent; but as to the rest of the action, judgment was given for defendants, with costs, the £9 10s. to be set off as against the costs.

* * *

— That at Liverpool Margaret Banks, 23, dressmaker, was awarded £25 damages for breach of promise against Frederick Gould, railway booking clerk. The parties had courted seven years, and over three hundred letters from the defendant were puffing, breathing fervently of love. Last summer, however, he went to the Isle of Man and met another young woman, whom he married.

* * *

— That the committee of the Cambridge University Golf Club have agreed to meet the wishes of the Oxford University Golf Club and play the Inter-'Varsity match over the Sandwich Links in March, if permission can be obtained. The Cambridge University Golf Club would have preferred to play at Wimbledon, as of old (where they were always most hospitably treated), on account of the course being so near London, whereas Sandwich necessitates a lengthy journey.

* * *

— That Edwin G. Dinnie, a lad seventeen years of age, and who has had a very successful tour round Scotland with Bessie Arthur's Concert Company, and who has performed the following, amongst other feats, is anxious for a match with any youth. He raises a dumbbell weighing 105lb from the ground to stretch of arm above the head, raises a 130lb. dumb-bell from shoulder height above the head with one hand, and a 160lb ball with both hands above the head and supports it with one hand. While lying on his back he can raise a dumb-bell weighing 165lb above his head, and support the weight of two men sitting on it, and juggles with 60lb dumb-bells. While lying on his back will support on his chest a piano, pianist, and eight men, the whole held up by hands and feet. Also lifts two ponies. His challenge to youths under seventeen years and a half old is as follows:—1. Feats of strength with dumb-bells; 2, throwing 14lb hammer greatest distance; 3, putting the 16lb shot furthest; 4, throwing the 28lb weight; 5, high leaping, greatest height; 6, vaulting with the pole; 7, running 100 yards; 8, wrestling (Scottish and Cumberland style). He is a son of Donald Dinnie, the Scotch athlete, now in Australia.

OUT ON A LARK.

Leo le Breton, 19, a Russian, dressed as a woman, and giving 6, Taunton Place, Upper Baker Street, as his address, was charged both as drunk and disorderly and a suspected person. Prisoner, who had the appearance of a fine handsome woman, was wearing a rich velvet cloak and a large Gainsborough hat of similar material. P.C. Tierney said that he saw the prisoner embrace a gentleman who was passing him in Vigo Street, and afterwards join some women in Regent Street. A quarter of an hour later he saw him again in Regent Street in a state of intoxication, and followed by a crowd. Witness suspected prisoner's real sex, "on account of the unwomanly manner in which he behaved towards the gentleman." He charged him, however, as a woman, and the prisoner himself revealed his sex. He said he was dressed up as he was for a wager of £5, which he had lost by "being collared." At prisoner's lodgings articles of women's attire and powder and rouge were found. He had been seen in Piccadilly on different evenings once or twice in a brougham dressed as a woman. Mr. Newton remanded the prisoner, refusing to accept bail.

TWO MONTHS FOR A KICK.

Of all the forms of that idiotic pastime known as practical joking perhaps the most mischievous is when a joker selects a place of public entertainment for his exploits, and endeavours to create a panic among the audience. On November 5 some microcephalous youth thought it would be fige fun to astonish the people present at the Star Music Hall in Bermondsey; so he promptly set light to a cracker, which exploded violently, and nearly produced a stampede. He and some other disturbers of the peace were then promptly ejected from the gallery; but one of the number, a waterside labourer, returned shortly after, and, being refused admission, caught the proprietor of the hall a "running kick" which "doubled him up with pain." Two months' hard labour was awarded this heroic action; but the youth who let off the cracker has, it seems, himself been let off, and lives to crack another day.

PHENOMENAL SWIMMING PERFORMANCE.

At the Osborne Bath, Manchester, a champion swimming handicap took place, in which J. H. Derbyshire, the boy champion, accomplished the greatest feat known in history. Starting from the 40sec mark from the amateur champion, Tyers, he completed 1,000 yards in 14min 52sec, conceding Jarvis, the Midland champion, 30 yards; Tyers beaten off. The boy is fifteen years of age, and is the finest swimmer yet known in the records. Low of stature, he has a most elegant and powerful stroke. The record is a reve'ation.

Work in the yacht building yards in the South still remains very slack, and no racing craft of large tonnage are being built there. Lord Dunraven is making extensive alterations in his 20-rater Audrey, in the hope of improving her. It seems probable that there will be a large fleet of yachts in the Mediterranean this winter. Besides those already announced, the following yachts have either sailed or will shortly do so: Monarch, Lord Ducie; Roseneath, Earl of Cavan; Anemone, Mr. Liddell; Marchesa, Mr. Kettlewell; Zoiside, Mr. Waller; and Marguerite, Mr. Drexell.

WE ARE INFORMED

That Mr. H. Irving's company had a very rough time crossing from Glasgow to Dublin last week.

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That owing to an attack of German measles, Mr. George Alexander has for some nights been unable to appear in "The Masqueraders" at the St. James's.

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That last week the German company from the Opera Comique commenced their season at the Royalty, opening with "Der Sportsman."

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That Mrs. Keeley entered her ninetieth year last Thursday.

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That "Jeanie Deans" was produced last Thursday at the Royal Lyceum, Edinburgh, and "The Lady Aurora," an operetta in one act, at the Opera House, Chatham, on Monday, November 19.

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That a prospectus has been issued for the purpose of forming a company to float the "Bedford Palace of Varieties, Limited." The amount required is £55,000 truly a large order.

* * *

That Miss Rose Sylvester lies seriously ill at the Middlesex Hospital. We hope she may soon recover.

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— That Nellie Wilson, who is now appearing at Johannesburg, has had the good fortune to draw the winning horse Middy in the Johannesburg Handicap. The prize amounted to £160.

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That Mrs. Ormiston Chant did not meet with a successful meeting at Manchester the other evening.

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— That Laurie Maycroft, of opera fame, will shortly be seen on the variety stage.

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— That Miss Cissie Loftus (Mrs. J. H. M'Carthy) made her first appearance with the Daly Company in Chicago, supporting Miss Rehan in "The Last Word." The débutante figured in the bill as "Miss Cecil."

WHITECAPS COMMIT OUTRAGES.

Fifteen citizens of Cullman County, Alabama, among them L. M. Kellar, County Commissioner, were arrested recently, charged with participating in the lynching of Monroe and John Evans, father and son, wealthy farmers. On August 15, 1891, the Evanses were arrested on a charge of shooting at a citizen named Mooney, who was not even wounded. The younger Evans was also suspected of murder, but there seemed to be no conclusive proof of guilt in either case.

While under guard at the home of a deputy a mob of 200 whitecappers came late at night, overpowered the guards, and hanged both men to the same tree and with the same rope.

Warrants are said to be out for about 100 more, some of whom have long since removed to Georgia and others to Texas.

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